HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 1773.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1890.

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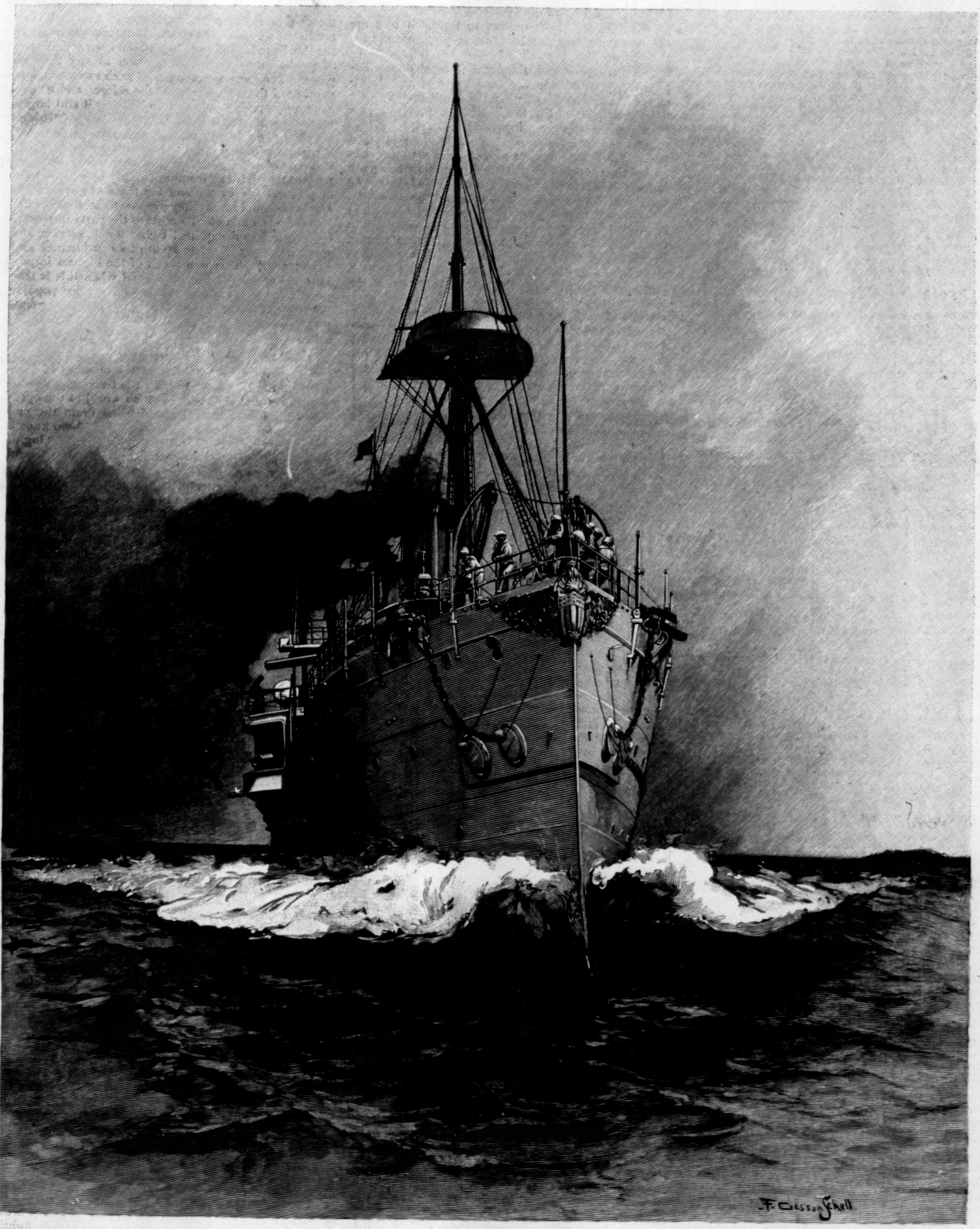

THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA."—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 970.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

1891.

SOME ATTRACTIVE FEATURES.

The Great South American Series, by Theodore Child, with numerous illustrations from photographs and by the best artists: a full exposition of the five Spanish-American Republics: their political, commercial, industrial, and educational situation and outlook: giving also an exceptionally faithful and interesting portraiture of the manners and customs of the people, Spanish and native. **An Album of Original Drawings by William Makepeace Thackeray,** now offered for their first publication in Harper's Magazine. **Private Letters of Charles Dickens:** familiar letters to Wilkie Collins, hitherto unpublished. Edited by Laurence Hutton. **Another Chapter from My Memoirs,** by Mr. De Blowitz. **A Novelette by W. D. Howells,** "An Imperative Duty." **A Novel by Charles Egbert Craddock,** entitled "In the 'Stranger People's' Country," to begin in the January Number. **A Novel by George du Maurier.** As the first novel of this great artist, illustrated by his inimitable drawings, it will create exceptional interest. **Comedies of Shakespeare Illustrated by Abbey.** "Measure for Measure" and the "Comedy of Errors" will be ready for early publication. **Interesting Papers on Southern California,** by Charles Dudley Warner; on **London,** by Walter Besant; **Wessex Folk,** by Thomas Hardy; **The Warwickshire Avon,** by A. T. Quiller-Couch, superbly illustrated by Alfred Parsons; **Sketches of Eastern Travel,** by Constance Fenimore Woolson; **Sketches of the Northwest Pacific Coast,** by Julian Ralph, illustrated by Frederic Remington. **American Riders,** a series of papers by Col. T. A. Dodge, U. S. A., illustrated by Frederic Remington. Editorial Departments conducted by George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, and Charles Dudley Warner.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

Christmas Number in Special Cover.

Published December 13th.

This issue is full of Christmas—in song, picture, and story—and "Merry Christmas" never found more exquisite expression. The stories are by Marion Harland, Florence Watters Snedeker, and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Will Carleton's poem, "Seventy Year Ago," touches the popular heart. Superb illustrations are furnished by C. D. Gibson, Rosina Emmet Sherwood, Irving Wiles, A. B. Wenzell, and Alice Barber. The Fashions in bridal gowns and walking costumes are fully represented. The number will be a household treasure.

No. 1773.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING A DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION OF MEXICAN BURDEN-BEARERS, AND THE THIRD INSTALMENT OF A SERIES OF STORIES BY THOMAS HARDY, ENTITLED "A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES."

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THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.

THE President's message was a perfunctory statement of the public situation largely drawn from the department reports. It took no account of the late election, except by its statement that it would be unwise to modify the tariff until its actual results can be understood, and it urged with evident sincerity the passage of the election bill. But its argument upon this point is not comprehensive, nor is it that of a statesman. It is, in effect, that the existing law has been found useful, and that the proposed law merely extends its operation, and as it does not unjustly discriminate against any voter, and is designed only to secure an honest election, it cannot be properly opposed. This reasoning is wholly inadequate for its object. There is no question that elections should be fair and certificates honest. The real question of the election bill is whether in the actual situation—a phrase which includes customs, traditions, and local feelings—the particular measure will probably secure the object sought. It involves also the further question whether the situation is not constantly improving by the operation of forces which are necessarily swifter and more effective than legislation. The situation, doubtless, is one of great difficulty. General acquiescence in a confessed wrong seems to authorize wrong-doers to persevere. But that consideration is not an excuse for making the situation worse.

The message complacently expresses satisfaction with the operation of the reform law in the civil service. But there is a ludicrous disproportion between the platform declarations, with the President's own pledges upon the subject, and the slight formal allusion in the message. In general the President's alternative in preparing his message was simple. It was either to admit practically that he and his party had been discredited by the election, or to assume that the election was not a fair representation of public sentiment. Naturally he takes the latter horn of the dilemma, for nothing could have been more comical than a President's message stating that the country had decided against him and his party, and that as he and they were of the same mind upon questions of public policy, he could not recommend to a Republican Congress measures which neither he nor they approved. It is useless to reproach him for not recommending the Democratic programme to a Republican Congress.

The message is undoubtedly a forecast of the Republican plan of campaign for the session. It includes "marking time" upon the tariff, and pushing the election bill. But the message happily refrains from urging larger pension grants. Its most serious recommendation is that of the passage of the election law. The Senate at once took up this measure, and will probably press it, with the determination to whip in recalcitrant Republicans. It cannot, of course, be carried without a change of the rules of procedure, in order that the decision may not be baffled by talking against time. A previous question is contrary to the traditions of the Senate, but legislation cannot be left to the mercy of the minority. Every deliberative legislature must be able at some time to vote, and if experience shows that under the form of debate the will of the people may be frustrated, some method of reaching a decision must be provided. If it shall appear, therefore, that the minority proposes to prevent the passage of a measure which the majority approves, the majority will undoubtedly provide a method of ending debate and coming to a vote. But it should be a very different method from Speaker Reed's device in the House, which was one of the reasons of the Republican disaster at the polls. The majority has undoubted rights, but it has not the moral right to do whatever it chooses, a fundamental truth of which Speaker Reed and his majority have been forcibly reminded, but of which every Republican who recalls the despotic Democratic majority of the last generation should have needed no reminder.

AN INTERESTING REPORT.

THE annual report from different branches of the government which is most suggestive is that of the Civil Service Commission. The others present the details of the routine of administration in the different departments, but this shows the operation of a reform which will affect the whole public service. The report is evidently a perfectly candid narrative. It aims to show honestly the results of the reformed system, and it considers some of the current and familiar criticisms upon it, treating them with an accurate knowledge which the critics do not possess. Its tone is both cheerful and confident. It holds truly that the reformed system is no longer an experiment, and it recounts the actual gains of reform, which, we venture to say, will not be lost under any succeeding administration. Those who doubt and even despair because the whole spoils system is not yet overthrown at every point may be consoled by the reflection that no reform in administration ever advances in that way, and that the condition and prospects of reform in the civil service are to be estimated by the results already attained and held, and by the condition of public sentiment. Reform is opposed by a very powerful and organized body of politicians. From the necessity of the case, the enforcement of the law in detail must be often intrusted to its opponents. No law depends more upon public opinion for its honest administration than this. But what is gained and held is both a result and educator of public opinion, and of the steady advance of that opinion there is no question.

The classified service now includes more than 30,000 persons in a total of perhaps 120,000. That is to say, about a quarter of all the public places are now brought under the reform. In the departments at Washington, which was one of the chief local arenas of the spoils abuse, there are about 8000 such places. Of the holders of these places only about eight per cent. have been "separated" from the service during the first year of a changed party ascendency. "Separated" is a phrase which includes the various forms of dismissal, death, and resignation, and as the difference in such separations under the late and present administrations is only about one-half per cent., the commissioners say most truly that the question of politics in removals in the departmental service has been practically eliminated, and during the seven years since the law was passed the reform has so far been honestly observed. This is a most important fact, which is equally creditable to both parties under whose administrations this degree of reform has been accomplished. In the customs and postal service throughout the country, however, there is not the same regard for the law as in Washington. The reason is obvious. In Washington the execution of the law is supervised by the commission. But in the local offices the examiners are responsible to the head of the office, and his indifference or hostility to the law is naturally reflected by them. The commission reasonably suggests that persons not in the service should serve upon the examining boards. This is a course which Mr. Jenckes, in forecasting the operation of the reformed system, said would be found indispensable.

The evils of political assessment have been greatly diminished, although they are not yet fully suppressed by the law. The ingenuity of political bosses skilfully eludes the law, which permits solicitations elsewhere than in the public buildings by those who are not in the service. The commission recommends that the law be extended so as to prohibit such solicitation of public employés by any person at any time or place. The large suppression of such assessments is another of the actual gains of the reform, and we can see no reasonable objection to making it still larger by the amendment recommended by the commission. While the law "may not work with ideal perfection," there is no doubt not only of the better service which it secures, but of the other and very much more important result, that "it immeasurably betters the tone of political life by making the mass of government employés simply what they propose to be, that is, public servants, and not adherents of the party in power, organized into disciplined bodies for its service, and straining every effort to secure its continuance and supremacy." This is a result of the highest importance to popular government, and when this is true practically of the whole subordinate service, popular party government will have achieved one of its greatest triumphs.

A LOST LEADER.

THE calm of our politics at the opening of Congress contrasts strangely with the tremendous political storm that shakes the British world at the opening of Parliament. So sudden, so dramatic, and important a political convulsion has not been known for many years. The oldest and most perplexing of British public questions, after centuries of war and controversy and baffled statesmanship, seemed to be on the point of peaceful adjustment when instantly the promise vanishes, and the settlement of Ireland seems again indefinitely postponed. The outbreak has been attended with the most extraordinary violations of British traditions, and of the honorable understanding which is essential to confidential relations, whether political, or of any kind whatever. The situation is complicated by the fact that the ocean divides the leaders of one party in the contest, and that the strongest passions have been aroused.

The war rages about the person of one man, who is for the moment the most conspicuous figure in Christendom. No political leader in English history—not Walpole, nor Chatham, nor Pitt, nor Fox, nor Peel, nor Gladstone—has held such absolute sway over his party as Parnell; and no leader was ever more cold, indifferent, or cynically disdainful even of his own following. Ireland has furnished other famous chiefs—Swift, Flood, Grattan, O'Connell—for whom the popular enthusiasm has been wrought at times to passionate fervor; but no Irish leader, although without eloquence or flattery or deference, and with such superb scorn of the opinion of others, has exercised so great a supremacy, or brought the cause of Ireland so near its happy issue. The secret of his power lies in the ability with which he has made home-rule for Ireland the central question of British politics, by winning the support of the great popular party in England, with its illustrious chief, the greatest English party leader of modern times. To this result, doubtless, the time and circumstance have combined, but that does not discredit the ability which has comprehended both, and turned them to the service of a cause. The English alliance is the sole hope of Ireland. Without it Irish legislative independence is impossible. Yet this alliance, in a moment, completely, scorning every tradition and instinct of honorable confidence, Parnell has shattered with the most contemptuous sneers at the English leader, and with a truculent defiance and denunciation of his own Irish supporters which necessarily prevent the very end for which he struggles—his own political leadership.

The unparalleled leader has destroyed himself. He has pulled down the columns that upheld his cause, and he is overwhelmed in the general ruin. His shameful personal delinquency alienated English sympathy. Gladstone expressed the feeling. Parnell retorted by an astounding breach of confidence. His Irish support was convulsed and divided. His savage defiance of the Irish dissent made the breach irreparable. He was an angry lion at bay, fighting friend and foe alike. The spectacle was unprecedented. It was magnificent, but it was not politics.

PARNELL must have felt the utter hopelessness of his position, and sought instinctively to signalize his fall by a general disaster. Whatever the result otherwise, English sympathy is dangerously chilled, the Irish party in Ireland and America is rent asunder, the hope of speedy Irish settlement has vanished. Apparently by the act of the greatest of the long succession of Irish leaders, if greatness in leadership be measured by success, Ireland, in the words of the Irish parliamentary delegation now in America, has been again plunged "into those horrors of dissension which have so often already in her tragic and unhappy history robbed her of liberty at the moment it was within her grasp." On all sides there is glowing praise of PARNELL'S matchless qualities as a leader, of his uncompromising energy, and his splendid success in the conduct of a great cause. But the sudden arrest and end of his career, with all its circumstances, shows that he had not the greatest quality of a leader—the absolute unselfishness of devotion which seeks nothing but the welfare of the cause.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

THE passage of the International Copyright bill by the House of Representatives is an event of great importance. It will pass the Senate probably without delay, and the President has already expressed his approval of it. This is the final success of an intermittent effort of more than fifty years, during which the most eminent American statesmen have advocated the measure, and projects of law and treaties have been carefully discussed. The opposing forces have been of various kinds. Chiefly they have been the general conviction that literary property is different in kind from other property, and that the law has acknowledged the difference; that the measure would heighten the prices of books; and that it was not for the interest of American printers and publishers.

But gradually all the interests involved, from that of the author to the type-setter, have approached each other, until by common concessions they all united in the bill just passed. The discussion in the House last spring showed the total want of real argument on the part of the opposition, and the brief debate the other day preceding the passage of the bill merely revealed that there was no serious reason for withstanding it. The moral view of the question has taken more and more precedence during the controversy. Members have not hesitated to ask whether the adverse arguments of increased price, even if they were founded on fact, could be properly urged against the conceded right of property. The familiar assertion that there can be no property in ideas was effectually disposed of by the statement that no such property was claimed, but that it is incontestable that property exists in a form of expression which is exclusively individual.

The reciprocity of action upon the part of other governments which the act contemplates will follow its passage, and then the results of the measure will appear. Its effect is, in brief, to extend the author's copyright to all countries in which his work is sold, without injury to the interest of the local manufacturer and publisher. It removes from a great industry the imputation of unfairness, and throws off the burden which has hitherto oppressed literary effort in this country. The bill is emphatically a measure of fair play, which will inevitably promote a friendly feeling between all the countries which it affects. In the first week of the session the House has led the way in legislation which honest men in every country will approve.

THE THREATENED WAR.

THE Indian situation in the Dakotas is very serious, and at any moment there may be news of the opening of an Indian war of the greatest gravity. Fortunately the commanding officer in the disturbed district is General MILES, who is a man of great sagacity and friendly to the Indians. He has recently been in Washington, and admitted that the situation is critical, adding, "I hope the problem will be solved without bloodshed, but such a happy ending to the trouble seems improbable." He summed up the prospect in saying: "It is a more comprehensive plot than anything ever inspired by TECUMSEH, or even PONTIAC. The causes of the difficulty are easy of discovery. Insufficient food supplies, religious delusion, and the innate disposition of the savages to go to war must be held responsible."

Bishop HARE also, who is constantly among the Indians and in correspondence with the Episcopal missionaries among them, says that there are an old Indian and a new Indian party, the former retrogressive, the latter civilized and progressive. The advance of civilization has alarmed the old party, and alarm has been kindled to frenzy by the "Messiah's" promise of the destruction of the whites and the restoration of the old Indian supremacy. But it seems to him that this craze is not gaining but losing its hold; and if hostilities can be averted until the excited Indians see the failure of the Messiah's prophecies, he thinks that serious trouble can be avoided. But undoubtedly as we write the prospect is threatening. General MILES says that the Northern Indians have been starved into fighting, and would rather die fighting than starve peaceably. The order from the Interior Department to issue more rations implies that the story of starvation is not untrue. The Indians are well armed and well horsed. They can live on cattle as well as buffalo, and the horse ranches will replace their losses when "cold and starvation ruin their mounts."

There are about 30,000 Indians who are touched by the Messiah craze, which means about 6000 fighting men. Of these about 4000 would go on the war-path, and 6000 other Indians in the Indian Territory must be watched. Four thousand can make immense trouble. A very small number in the Minnesota massacre killed more than 500 settlers in a very short time. Against this Indian force we have about 2000 mounted men, with "plenty of infantry," but cavalry is the essential arm. In a few days everything will be ready if a conflict is inevitable; but no effort will be spared to avert it. There is one constant reason for the Indian troubles which General MILES naturally does not mention. It is the causeless change of agents. There is no branch of the public service in which experience is more invaluable. Yet at two of the most critical points in the Indian country, Blue Ridge and Cheyenne River, there are two new and inexperienced agents, who know nothing of the Indians or of the proper way to deal with them. Agents familiar with the work are supplanted by inexperienced men because politicians must reward their henchmen. The responsibility is not with General MORGAN, the Indian Commissioner, but with the President and the Secretary of the Interior, who insist upon making the Indian service party spoils. We teach the Indians to distrust us, and when they naturally turn against us we destroy them.

A GOOD WORK IN BUFFALO.

NOWHERE has the good fight for civil service reform been waged more persistently, skilfully, and successfully than in the city of Buffalo. Its friends there have been as tenacious and full of resources as effective dealing with the opposition required, and their victory has been signal. We referred recently to the case carried up to the Court of Appeals, and sustained by it unanimously in a very important opinion which affirmed the constitutionality of the law, and held that the Mayor of a city may incur reasonable expenses in carrying out the law, and that no person appointed to office in defiance of the law can collect any compensation.

Another great advance has now been made. Mayor BISHOP has placed under the law all the places that can be fairly included, thereby, of course, depriving the Councilmen of all their small change of patronage. They are naturally angry, but the Mayor is sustained by the best public sentiment, and deserves the utmost credit for his fidelity and courage. In his good work of revising the rules and extending their scope he has been most effectively aided by Mr. FRANK M. LOOMIS, chairman of the local reform commission. The result is most gratifying. Nowhere is the spoils abuse of the public service more pernicious than in city administration, and in no city service has the reform been further advanced than in Buffalo.

THE "EAGLE'S" NEW EYRY.

THE Brooklyn *Eagle*, on occasion of laying the corner-stone of its new building, very appropriately issued a memorial sheet containing a fac-simile of the first number of the paper, which was published on Tuesday morning, October 26, 1841. It was a clearly printed paper, of modest size, and its editorial and advertising columns offer a glimpse into a vanished world, yet a world of familiar names and interests. After the announcement of "a new Democratic daily morning paper," which is to be "zealously devoted to the sacred preservation of the fine old landmarks of the Jeffersonian school," comes the first leader, or scream of what on that morning was strictly the *Eaglet*.

The heading of the article is: "HENRY CLAY, a National Bank, and a Change of the Constitution." It discusses the great breach in the Whig party, arising from the foolish attempts of the Whigs in the famous hard-cider campaign of the previous year to stand upon "a deceptive compromise between all the heterogeneous sects of their party for the purpose of keeping it together for a grand effort." The *Eaglet* of that October morning holds that "in attempting to 'head Captain TYLER,' Mr. CLAY has ingeniously succeeded in 'heading' the whole Whig party." We are then informed that the Democratic party will never be "defeated into a minority" so long as it adheres to Jeffersonian principles, while the Whig party "now stands on a mountain height, filling the hemisphere with its lurid fires, a warning beacon to the American people from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains." This is the fine rhetorical tone of the old party organ, and it is the key of all the other political paragraphs in the paper. The party contest of the day is represented as a strife between good and evil—the Democratic party is simple, unadorned goodness; the Whig party is antichrist. That good old battle still continues with the Republican party, but with the parts reversed, if we may trust recent speeches of Senator FRYE and Speaker REED.

The names that appear in the *Eaglet*, whose first scream is thus happily reproduced, are of men now generally gone, but many of whose names are familiar. Mr. WILLIAM C. BRYANT, of the *Evening Post*, and Judge M. M. NOAH, late of the *Evening Star*, have just been elected honorary members of the New York Typographical Society, and Mr. BRYANT'S speech is printed in full. ISAAC L. VARIAN and ELIJAH F. PURDY and ERASTUS CORNING are the regular Democratic nominations for the State Senate. Mr. PETER A. JAY "has written a short and rather touching letter," declining to be a Whig candidate for the Assembly, and it is rumored that Mr. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, also a Whig nominee for the Senate, will decline. GRINNELL, MINTURN, & CO., JONATHAN GOODHUE, and CHARLES H. MARSHALL announce packets sailing for London and Liverpool. AUGUSTUS GRAHAM, P. J. ARCULARIUS, ROLLIN SANFORD, CHARLES CONGDON, and others have established an evening school for the Brooklyn Apprentices' Library Association. "They are all gone, the old familiar faces." But the *Eaglet* has become the *Eagle*, and as he reaches his half century and builds a new and loftier eyry, it is amid a chorus of congratulation from all the morning and evening songsters of the press.

THE LATE DISGRACEFUL DISASTER IN BROOKLYN.

THE fall of the stand at the Brooklyn grounds on Thanksgiving Day, on occasion of the Yale and Princeton foot-ball game, was one of the catastrophes which are wholly inexcusable. The responsibility has been bandied about from commissioners to inspectors, from proprietors to builders, but it was so shameful an incident that the Department of Buildings, which sent an inspector to examine it, who ordered certain braces to be put in and then thought it safe, should have made at least some public explanation, or have dismissed an incapable subordinate with some expression of its apprehension of the gravity of the disaster.

The report in the *Evening Post* states that the inspector reported to the commissioner that the stand had been braced as he ordered, and would not have collapsed if the string-pieces had not slipped; that the stand was "strong and well constructed, but that the shaking, caused by the stamping of a thousand pairs of feet, caused it to sway, and when the string-pieces moved the structure went down." He added that if the stakes had not slipped, the structure would have stood the strain. But if the result of the fall, instead of the life-long maiming and ruined health of several persons, had been a general slaughter of the spectators, how would such a farcical explanation as this have been received? Did the inspector suppose that there would not be stamping of feet and shaking of the platform? It was his duty to see that the string-pieces could not move, and that if he could not do that to refuse to approve the structure.

The experience of such stagings in the great centennial celebration of 1889 in New York showed that such platforms can be made perfectly secure, and the fall of the Brooklyn platform is a disgrace to the department which was responsible. The incident is past, but the moral remains, and the public interest ought not to subside. The New York *Times* spoke only the truth when it said, on the morning after the disaster, "No degree of public censure, and no penalty the law can visit upon the persons responsible for the disaster at the Brooklyn Eastern Park yesterday, will surpass their just desert."

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER sailed for Havre by the steamer *La Champagne* December 6th. He goes with his family, and intends to spend the winter in Italy—not "Our Italy," of which he has written so charmingly in the November number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, but that other Italy which for four centuries has been the ideal goal of cultivated travellers; and before his return he will visit Constantinople and other Eastern cities. His articles in HARPER'S MAGAZINE on southern California will be completed in the February number, after which they will appear in book form. Mr. WARNER will continue to contribute his page introductions to the Editor's Drawer. Many of these unique essays that have already appeared in the Drawer are to be collected for publication in book form, with illustrations by MCVICKAR. Undoubtedly Mr. WARNER'S sojourn abroad will give him leisure for literary work of the most delightful character—such as we might expect to blossom in a Florentine villa and from the soil of a mental garden where it is always summer.

—Much of the robust health enjoyed by DWIGHT L. MOODY is due to his habit of active out-door exercise. He is a good walker, and believes in fresh air as a tonic.

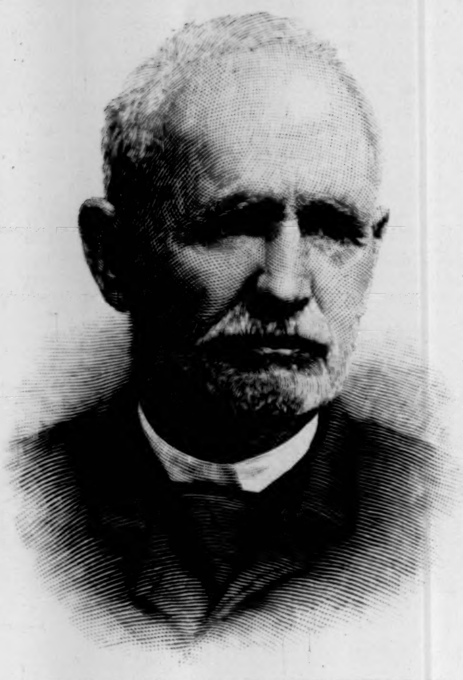
—T. B. ALDRICH has taken advantage of his release from editorial duties to achieve more literary work than had been possible for him before in some years. On the other hand, Mr. HORACE E. SCUDDER, since assuming the chair Mr. ALDRICH vacated, has found no leisure to accomplish anything beyond the work connected with his position as an editor.

—Miss RACHEL SHERMAN, who plays the hostess in her father's New York home, is a low-voiced, pleasant-faced little lady, and is said to be the General's chief dependence for names and dates that have escaped his memory.

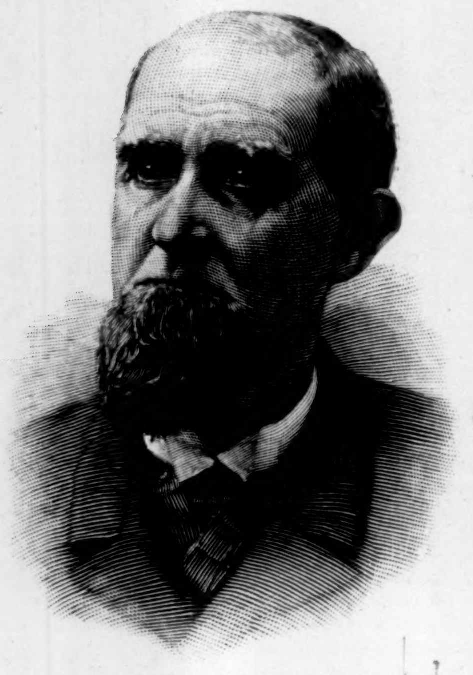
—Mr. W. W. ASTOR has leased Lansdowne House in London, and it is reported that he intends to entertain magnificently there for several years. The hotel he is building in New York is on the site of the house in which JOHN JACOB ASTOR was born. The old house was torn down to make way for the hotel.

—President CARNOT has been elected an honorary member of the Bunker Hill Association.

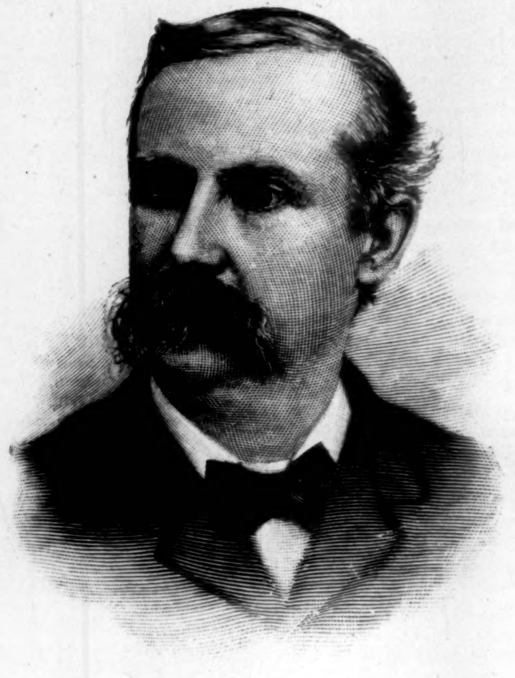
—Lieutenant JOHN P. FINLEY, Signal Corps, United States army, has been elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in recognition of his discoveries regarding tornadoes. He has been ordered from Boston, Massachusetts, to San Francisco, California. Before leaving Boston he made about seventy-five charts revealing some peculiar weather conditions of the New England coast. He carefully studied the causes of the penetrating east wind, so well known in Boston, and found that the air blows cold and damp from above the cold ocean currents that trend rapidly southward from the coast of Labrador.



E. T. STACKHOUSE, OF THE SIXTH DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



L. F. LIVINGSTON, OF THE FIFTH DISTRICT OF GEORGIA.



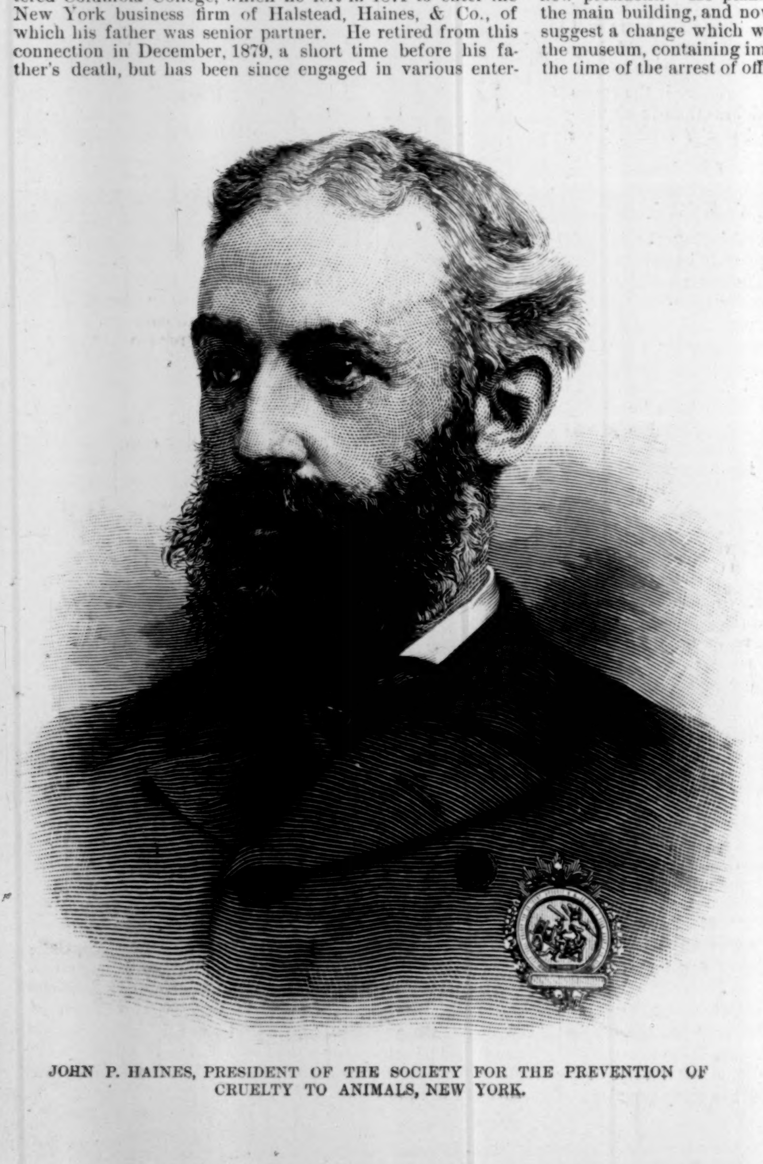
S. B. ALEXANDER, OF THE SIXTH DISTRICT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

A SOUTHEASTERN GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.—[SEE PAGE 970.]

JOHN P. HAINES.

JOHN P. HAINES, the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was born in the city of New York in 1852. The first of the family to arrive in this country came from England in 1636, and many of his descendants have borne an honorable and distinguished part in the history of the country during the colonial period and ever since. Mr. Haines's great-great-grandmother, noted for her beauty and accomplishments, though a widow at the time, married Lord Carteret, the proprietor of New Jersey. His grandfather, Richard Townley Haines, was well known as a most benevolent and useful citizen. There was scarcely a good work in the church or the country at large in which he did not take an active interest. Mr. Haines's maternal grandfather, John P. Stagg, a descendant of a long line of Knickerbockers, was highly esteemed in the commercial world for his energy, independence, and strict integrity, and numbered among his ancestors the first secretary of the Society of the Cincinnati, when General Washington was president. His father, William C. Haines, who died in 1880, was prominently connected with many of the benevolent and scientific institutions of this city and the country, and few men were more highly respected in social, scientific, and business circles than he.

On completing his preparatory education, Mr. Haines entered Columbia College, which he left in 1871 to enter the New York business firm of Halstead, Haines, & Co., of which his father was senior partner. He retired from this connection in December, 1879, a short time before his father's death, but has been since engaged in various enterprises which have kept his name prominently before the public. In 1873 he was married to Miss Mary Merritt, daughter of the late George Merritt, an old New York merchant, who resided at Lyndehurst (now the residence of Jay Gould), Irvington-on-the-Hudson.



JOHN P. HAINES, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, NEW YORK.

Always active in his sympathy with the suffering and oppressed, it was but natural that the noble work in behalf of dumb animals in which the late Henry Bergh was engaged should secure Mr. Haines's heartiest co-operation. He early identified himself with the work of the society, was for fourteen years a member of the Executive Committee, and aided the founder in establishing the society upon a firm basis and in greatly extending its sphere of usefulness. After the resignation of Mr. James M. Brown as president of the society in April of last year, Mr. Haines was unanimously elected as his successor.

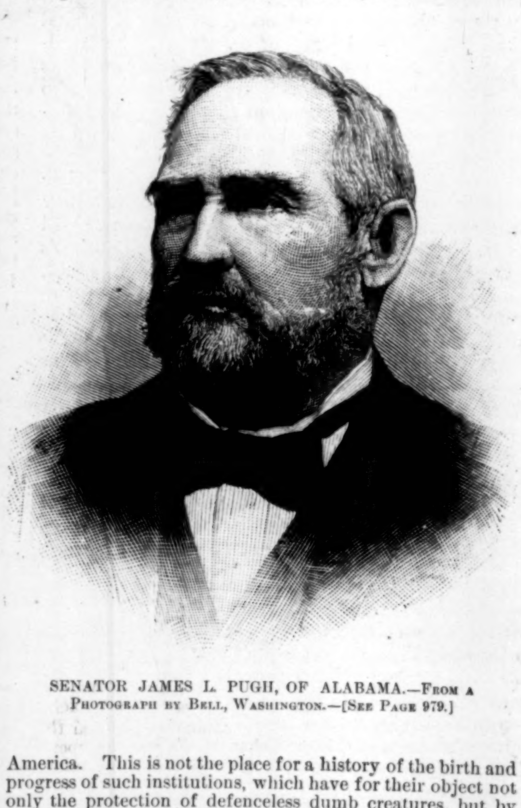
There was much for Mr. Haines to do in securing a more thorough organization of the affairs of the society, improving on the character of the building No. 100 East Twenty-second Street, which is the head-quarters of the society, in providing an ambulance house, and in extending the operations of the organization to fields of labor which had been altogether lost sight of in the past. Being a thorough organizer, as well as an architect, and a man of well-known executive ability, all these necessary changes and improvements have been since made under the personal supervision of the new president. He planned the internal arrangements of the main building, and now it would be scarcely possible to suggest a change which would be an improvement. From the museum, containing implements of cruelty confiscated at the time of the arrest of offenders, to the file rooms, where are to be found, properly docketed, every record and report pertaining to the work of the society, all is most complete. There is a large room on the ground-floor for the officers, with lavatory and lockers attached. One of the officers of the society sleeps on the premises, so as to be ready when required for any emergency. The officers report every evening respecting the number of arrests effected, and other duties devolving upon them in pursuance of their work.

An examination of the daily reports of the officers is sufficient to show that if flagrant violations of the law are less frequent than heretofore, they are still sufficiently common to keep the staff of officers fully employed. The falling off in the number of arrests, and in cases demanding the intervention of the society's officers, has not been as great as might be expected, a fact which is doubtless due to the exercise of increased vigilance and alertness on the part of the society's police, and the enlargement of their sphere of operations.

The necessity for improved methods, so far as the ambulance and derrick service of the society was concerned, led to the erection of a new ambulance building at No. 111 East Twenty-second Street. The building and all its interior arrangements were designed by Mr. Haines. On the floor above the ambulance room are kennels for the care and comfort of all kinds of small animals, and a chamber for the humane destruction by asphyxiation of such as are found sick, injured, or otherwise disabled.

Though the wretched condition of the horses and mules employed on the tow-paths of the several canals in this State had probably been realized before by the authorities of the society, no active efforts had been made to improve the condition of the animals so employed. It remained for Mr. Haines to introduce the needed reform. Now officers of the society specially appointed for that service patrol the canal routes, and in conjunction with the local officers see that the law is strictly enforced. Quarries, brick-yards, and lumber districts have also been placed under supervision by the agents of the society, with the result that the condition of the animals employed in these various services has been much improved. But Mr. Haines does not intend to rest satisfied with what he has already accomplished. His conception of duty in connection with his chosen work is a high one, and he now purposes to place his uncomplaining protégés under additional obligations. The project is to provide a place of shelter for homeless animals, and where pet dogs and cats may be left and cared for—a scheme which will doubtless soon become an accomplished fact.

Since the parent society was founded in New York, sister societies with similar regulations have been organized throughout the United States and Canada, and even in South America. This is not the place for a history of the birth and progress of such institutions, which have for their object not only the protection of defenceless dumb creatures, but by practice and precept to inculcate in the minds of the people sentiments of kindness and forbearance toward the helpless even of our own species.



SENATOR JAMES L. PUGH, OF ALABAMA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 979.]

Mr. Haines has taken a deep interest in all philanthropic movements, and is at present connected with several prominent charitable institutions in this city. Recently he received the unanimous nomination to the presidency of "The American Humane Society," at its last convention, held at Louisville, Kentucky, an honor which he was compelled to decline in consequence of the demands made upon his time by the society of which he is president, and by other duties and business engagements.

Mr. Haines is the proprietor of the famous Cranmoor Farm, at Toms River, New Jersey, where, at his fine mansion, he has frequently entertained persons eminent in various departments of human activity. The farm is a model one in all its departments, and on it Mr. Haines has been engaged in rearing superior breeds of cattle and St. Bernard dogs. Having a taste for chemistry he has a laboratory on his farm, where he delights in performing experiments. He has also no mean skill as an electrician, and is president of the New York Phonograph Company.

N. MACDONALD.

THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC OF AMERICA.

FOREIGNERS and native observers have often laughed at an American trait which induces every hair-cutter and boot-black to call himself an "artist," and every teacher to assume the title of "professor." This kind of humbug flourishes especially in the musical world. Charlatans who have not brains enough to earn an honest living learn to sing or play a few pieces, and by a combination of insinuating ways and brazen effrontery succeed in persuading non-musical parents that they can teach their children the divine art. Second and third rate piano manufacturers advertise in large type that their instruments are unequalled in tone and action, and preferred by all artists, whereby ignorant purchasers are constantly duped, and reputable makers lose their dues. One of the most lamentable illustrations of this trait is afforded by the way in which music teachers who have secured a dozen pupils immediately hire a room or two, and put out a large sign-board with "Cosmic Conservatory," or "Mammoth Conservatory," or some other big-sounding name on it. That the public likes to be duped is shown by the flourishing condition of some of these schools; but among the educated classes these sham "conservatories" have done a good deal to bring the word "conservatory," like the terms "professor" or "artist," into just contempt, or at least under suspicion; and it is time that a warning voice should be raised against institutions whose "directors" and "professors" in most cases would be unable to pass examination in any of the branches of musical education, and which in some instances even have the impudence to claim the right of conferring the degree of Doctor of Music, though they are nothing but private music schools, organized for the sole purpose of making money.

MRS. JEANNETTE M. THURBER, FOUNDER OF THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Among the few music schools in this country which really merit the name of conservatory, the National Conservatory of Music of America in New York deserves special attention, because it was not organized as a money-making institution, but as a sort of musical high-school, where pupils could prepare themselves for the career of concert, church, or opera singers, of solo or orchestral players, or of teachers, for a merely nominal sum, or, if talented, without any charge for tuition. This institution was founded in 1885 by Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, whose name has become a household word in connection with the development of music in the United States, and who is always one of the first to help along a meritorious musical enterprise. Passionately fond of music, and a critical student of the art, she has for years devoted her means to helping talented struggling musicians to help themselves; and when the demands outgrew her individual ability, she conceived the idea of establishing a National Conservatory of Music in the United States similar to those of European countries, where instruction of the highest class might be obtained at moderate cost, or free, if need be, where exceptional talent was found to exist without the means necessary for its cultivation. Like the most famous music schools in Europe, the National Conservatory was originally started with one branch (voice)—training young singers for the operatic stage. It was the desire to prove to the public what talent in a crude state really existed, and how necessary it was to found an institution in this country worthy of the name "National Conservatory of Music," that led Mrs. Thurber to organize the American Opera Company, which for the first time presented the master-works of grand opera in the English language in this country in a satisfactory manner; but owing to the bad financial management, through no fault of Mrs. Thurber's, it was impossible for the American Opera Company to continue long in existence; yet, while it lasted, it was a revelation to many persons, showing the progress already made in musical art in this country, and indicating its possibilities for the future. It gathered and put in evidence before the American people some of the talent already in existence; it attracted public attention and stimulated interest in the development of the art; and in these respects great good was accomplished, and, as beautifully stated in HARPER'S MONTHLY by Mr. George William Curtis, "it seemed as if Brother Jonathan had become of age," and "that it was the first warble of the American Independence."

The National Conservatory was located at 126 and 128 East Seventeenth Street, New York, in 1885, and during the last two years Mrs. Thurber's time has been almost exclusively devoted to it. In its organization she showed the same intelligence as in the establishment of American opera. Just as, in starting the American opera, an unrivalled orchestra was secured, so, in making up the faculty of the National Conservatory, Mrs. Thurber endeavored to put specialists of national and in some cases international reputation at the head of each department of instruction. The faculty comprises forty odd names, there are only three or four which are not known through the country as those of competent specialists.

It would be impossible in the space at our command to describe in detail all these departments and the methods employed in them, but there are some interesting things to be said about certain important features which the National Conservatory alone, of all American music schools, has adopted. One of the most valuable of these is to be found in Signor Sapio's opera class. Signor Sapio, the principal of the vocal class, is an Italian of the modern school—that is, an Italian who recognizes the weak as well as the strong side of Italian operatic music, and who tries, in a cosmopolitan way, to unite what is best in modern French and German methods with what is best in Italian methods. He alternated with Signor Arditi in conducting the last Patti performances given in New York, and all the critics agreed that the performances given under his direction were better than those given under the direction of the veteran Arditi. In Signor Sapio's operatic class pupils are taught not only to phrase correctly (he himself accompanying on the piano), but special attention is paid to the proper attitude in singing, to dramatic expression, and to distinct enunciation of the words. This last point, as everybody knows, is shamefully neglected by most vocal teachers, the consequence being that audiences hearing concert, church, or opera singers are often left in doubt for several minutes whether they are listening to a song in Italian, English, French, or German.

Mrs. Thurber conceived the excellent idea of engaging an expert in diction, Mr. W. V. Holt, who is present not only in the operatic class, but at all the vocal lessons, and interrupts the pupils every time they pronounce a word wrongly or indistinctly. Vocal teachers are only too apt to allow their pupils to distort words by slighting consonants and substituting easy for difficult vowels; but at the National Conservatory this vicious practice is never tolerated, and the result is that pupils who have studied there have a great advantage over those trained in a more careless fashion, for it need not be said that a singer who enables an audience to hear the poetry as well as the melody of a song can make an impression twice as deep as a singer who mars the words and gives the music alone correctly.

Signor Sapio's associates, Miss Eleanor Warner Everest, of Philadelphia, Madame Elena Corani, and Mr. Christian Fritsch, are all most capable professors.

Another important department of vocal instruction to which more attention is paid at the National Conservatory than in other music schools is solfeggio, that is, vocal exercise in which syllables—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do—are used instead of words. These exercises are of the utmost importance in teaching pupils to sing at sight the most difficult intervals, in perfect time, and with ease and agility. At the Paris Conservatoire these exercises form the basis of instruction for *all* the pupils; while at other prominent conservatories, in Germany and elsewhere, less attention is given to this most important branch. The National Conservatory has followed the example of the Paris Conservatoire and engaged as many as three teachers of solfeggio, in order to give every pupil a chance to learn to sing correctly at sight. Even those who are studying instrumental music only, have to take this course, which adds much to their general mastery of musical technique; and in the advanced classes the pupils not only sing at sight the most difficult exercises slowly or rapidly, alone or in chorus, but they also learn to write down melodies which M. Pizzarello plays at the piano. Church-choir singers who have passed through this course will never thereafter experience any difficulty in singing at sight the most difficult harmonic parts of a sacred composition. There is also a solfeggio class for children.

Judged by the number of pupils who apply for admission, the piano classes in a conservatory are of even more importance than the vocal classes. Thus at the Vienna Conservatory this autumn there were 66 candidates for the vocal classes and 127 for the piano; while at the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music in London the numbers were 64 for the voice and 666 for the piano. At the National Conservatory 207 applied this autumn for the piano classes, and it must be admitted that in this department the National Conservatory is absolutely without a rival in this country. At the head of the department is Mr. Rafael Joseffy, the greatest pianist residing in America, and who has but two or three equals abroad. As an interpreter of Chopin and Schumann he has no rival, now that Rubinstein has given up playing in public. Mr. Joseffy gives no private lessons; therefore the only place where advanced pupils can have the benefit of his instruction is at the National Conservatory.

There is no lack of competent teachers of the technical side of piano-forte playing, but teachers of artistic phrasing and expression in general are exceedingly rare, and it is in this capacity that Mr. Joseffy's value to the Conservatory chiefly lies. He makes the members of his class successively play the piece they have learned on one Steinway grand, while he sits at another, and shows by practical illustration how each imperfectly played bar can be improved. A single accent introduced on a certain note will sometimes reveal the poetic beauty of a phrase which was previously obscured, and hints of this sort are of inestimable value to students of the piano-forte in these days when technical skill is taken for granted in a pianist, and the critical estimate is based entirely on his ability to play with artistic expression. Of the other teachers in the piano department, Mrs. Jessie Pinney-Baldwin and Miss Adele Margulies have appeared as concert pianists, and, like Miss Comstock, Messrs. Winkler and Huneker, are known as first-class teachers. In looking over the list of teachers of the organ, the violin, the harp, the flute, etc., it will be noticed that Mrs. Thurber has engaged in all cases professors who are acknowledged to be at the head in their departments. Madame Camilla Urso, Messrs. Leopold Lichtenberg, Jan Koert, S. P. Warren, Joseph Schreurs, John Cheshire, Victor Herbert, Otto Oesterle, and other instrumental teachers included in the list, are all soloists on their instruments. Besides taking lessons on their chosen instrument, pupils have an opportunity to learn *ensemble* playing in the orchestral classes conducted by Mr. Van der Stucken and Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, two of our best-known orchestral operatic conductors, both of them especially identified with the progress of American music.

Harmony, counterpoint, and composition are taught by Mr. Bruno Oscar Klein, one of the most gifted of the composers resident in this country, and many of whose pieces are well known to all lovers of good music for the drawing-room. Some of these courses are only taken by the more advanced pupils, but harmony is taught to every student of instrumental music and to some of the vocalists, but in all cases when they have passed a thorough examination in solfeggio.

Another branch of musical instruction to which the National Conservatory pays more attention than other institutions is the history of music. A course of twenty-five lectures on this subject, which all students must attend, is delivered every winter by Mr. Henry T. Finck, the author of *Chopin and Other Musical Essays* and other works. The lectures are rendered more graphic by means of illustrations on the black-board and the piano. It has long been understood in other branches of education that in no other way can a subject be made so clear and so interesting to pupils as by going back to its origin or tracing its development. The same is true of music, and pupils who have taken this course in history not only learn all about such musical terms as cantus firmus, canon, counterpoint, fugue, the origin of notation, the development of the opera, oratorio, and concert music in all its branches, but they learn to sing with a more correct and sympathetic spirit the music of former centuries, the revival of which is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the musical world of to-day.

The career of opera singer being the goal or ambition of a large proportion of musical students, special provision is made in the National Conservatory, besides the courses already referred to, for instruction in stage deportment, fencing, diction, Italian, etc. The fencing and stage deportment lessons are taken by all the pupils of both sexes, and they are among the most popular in the school. It is a pretty and striking sight to see M. Senac facing a dozen young ladies drawn up in a row, assuming various attitudes, and brandishing and thrusting their rapiers at the teacher's word of command. These lessons not only provide excellent physical exercise, but they give the pupils quickness of perception, grace, and agility.

The National Conservatory is not, however, intended solely for those who wish to devote themselves to music as a profession, but also for amateurs. Indeed, there are four special courses in the vocal department, among which students have their choice. They are as follows:

The *Preparatory Course* embraces Singing, Solfeggio, Elocution, Italian, and History of Music, and Chorus.

The *Concert and Oratorio Course* embraces Singing, Solfeggio, Elocution, Italian, and the History of Music, and Chorus.

The *Artist's Course* embraces Singing, Solfeggio, Deportment, Opera, Repertory, Fencing, Italian, Elocution, and the History of Music, and Chorus.

The *Amateur Course* has been established for the benefit of the many applicants desirous of profiting by the teaching of the Conservatory, without intending to utilize the same in view of any public career. The course includes Singing, Solfeggio, and Theory of Music, Italian, Elocution, History of Music, Deportment, Fencing, and Chorus.

Similarly, the piano, organ, and other instrumental classes have each a preparatory and an advanced course.

To many young women and men who intend to devote themselves to music the question of expenses is of prime importance. To this class the National Conservatory offers special advantages, inasmuch as a certain number who show special talent receive all instruction free, on the condition that, having completed their education, they shall aid others, as they were themselves assisted, by a contribution to the general fund, for the first five years, of one-quarter of the emoluments they receive over and above one thousand dollars a year.

To those who are able to pay, a *moderate* charge is made, with a view to assist in defraying the expenses of the institution and more fully furthering its work. Specially gifted pupils may in the later years of their course be able to defray their expenses or obligations by being engaged as répétiteurs, or assistant teachers. The Conservatory is open to those of every race, creed, and color upon the one condition that they give proof of sufficient natural talent to justify the examiners in admitting them.

Although the Conservatory has been in existence but five years, more than fifty pupils have already made their appearance in public in concerts, opera, etc., as the following list will show: Albert S. Averchou, Norway; Douglas Alexander, Halifax, N. S.; Edith Ainsworth, England; John C. Dempsey, Brooklyn; Edward Chas. Fitzgerald, New York; Katharine Hilke, Stockton, Cal.; Minnie Landes, New York; Charlotte Maginnis, New York; Mary O'Connor, Worcester, Mass.; Edwin S. Isham, Dunkirk, N.Y.; Sarah Humbert, Yonkers, N.Y.; Grace A. Povey, Brooklyn; Oscar Saenger, Brooklyn; Minnie Sandmeyer, New York; Ada Schultz, Baltimore; Leila La Fetra, Hyde Park, Mass.; S. Rappaport, Newark, N. J.; Wm. H. Rieger, New York; Ettilia Claire Smith, Toronto, Ca.; Royal S. Smith, Cincinnati, O.; William Sparger, Brooklyn; Albert Theis, New York; Louise Theis, New York; Sophie Traubman, New York; Carrie Whitehorn, Staten Island; Wilford Watters, New York; Bessie Austin, Rondout, N. Y.; Chas. J. Burke, New York; Rachel Chandler, New Orleans; Geo. W. Campbell, Cleveland, O.; James Dubois, Detroit, Mich.; Lucille Du Pré, Memphis, Tenn.; A. E. Eadie, Brooklyn; Clay C. Ferguson, Chatham, Ontario; Sadie Laubie, Salem, O.; George Nicholds, Brooklyn, L. I.; Edith Patrick, New York; William Peverly, North Carolina; Mary W. Roebuck, Kentucky; Lucy Rivers, Philadelphia; Anna Woodcock, New York; Jennie Woods, Rondout, N. Y.; Jessie Woods, Rondout, N. Y.; William Xanten, New York; Louise Cowles, Otisco, N. Y.; Mabel Phipps, New York; Louise Veling, New York; Margaret Beere, Brooklyn, L. I.; Henry Eichheim, Chicago, Ill.; Lilian Blauvelt Smith, Brooklyn.

The foregoing brief sketch of some of the internal arrangements of the National Conservatory will perhaps be found the more suggestive if it is kept in mind that this music school is, as far as possible, modelled after the Paris Conservatoire, which is admitted, even by the Germans, to be the most perfectly organized music school in the world. It is not a money-making institution, but has for its object the promotion of national interests in music; it receives support from the state, and in return gives free instruction to the pupils; it comprises every branch of musical education, and the most distinguished French composers and musical writers, such as Gossec, Méhul, Le Sueur, Halévy, Cherubini, Auber, Berlioz, Thomas, etc., have always held it as a special honor to be connected with the Conservatoire as directors or professors. It is the intention of Mrs. Thurber to follow the example of the Conservatoire in another respect, namely, in establishing branches of the National Conservatory, and tributary to it, in other large American cities, just like the *succursales* of the Paris Conservatiore in Dijon, Lille, Lyons, Marseilles, Nantes, Rouen, and Toulouse. These need not necessarily be newly founded schools, but of the already existing schools the best might be brought into connection with the National Conversatory, sending their advanced pupils to receive their "finishing touches" in the centre of American musical activity. At the recent examinations pupils from thirty-nine different States were received in the National Conservatory, which shows that its name is well chosen; and if this idea of establishing branch schools can be carried out, it would be still more appropriate.

Reference was made at the beginning of this article to the large number of charlatans in the profession of music teaching. These unprincipled, so-called professors are doing a great deal of harm which ought to subject them to legal prosecution on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. A musical paper recently had an article on a pupil who entirely lost the use of his voice, even for speaking, because of his teacher's faulty method; and even where the voice remains, promising musical careers are daily ruined by these impostors. One of the most distinguished German critics and teachers, the late Louis Ehlert, wrote that "the damage done by such incompetence is incalculable. Every teacher knows that incorrect elementary instruction in music is almost impossible to eradicate afterward. Bad habits, superficiality, and a vulgar taste remain, which often the best teacher cannot destroy afterward. It is therefore necessary to have some security against these charlatans in the world of music, and this protection can only be given by the state." In a republic interference in artistic matters is not easy to secure; but wealthy individuals can assist by means of endowments in building up legitimate art schools as a bulwark against tramp teachers. Millions have been bequeathed to colleges, where young men chiefly are benefited. Why should not some of our millionaires bethink themselves of the music schools, which are chiefly resorted to by young girls engaged in the fierce struggle for existence? In a country proverbial for its gallantry such a state of affairs is certainly anomalous. With the assistance of a few generous endowments the National Conservatory could be built up into an institution equal to any in Europe. It has already accomplished a great deal considering that it is only five years old, while the leading European conservatories, those of Paris, Milan, Vienna, Leipzig, Berlin, etc., were founded respectively in 1784, 1809, 1817, 1843, 1850.

A word more as to the advisability of studying in a conservatory instead of taking private lessons. At least half a dozen reasons can be given why the former is preferable. In the first place, parents who are unable to judge of the ability of teachers will find a reputable conservatory a protection against charlatans. Secondly, were not conservatories considered the best places to learn music, we would not find that all large foreign cities have one or more schools of this kind with which the most eminent local musicians are habitually connected. Thirdly, as a rule, great artists and composers could not find time and do not care to take many or any private pupils; but in a conservatory, where a whole class can benefit by their remarks, they are more willing to give up part of their time. Mr. Joseffy, for instance, as already mentioned, refuses private pupils, and teaches only at the Conservatory; and the same is true of Rubinstein. Fourthly, it is very much cheaper to study in a school than to take private lessons. Again, most pupils are benefited by an *esprit de corps* and a feeling of rivalry that can be developed only in a school; and finally, private pupils do not have opportunity for choral or orchestral practice as they do in a regular institution like the National Conservatory of Music of America.

We present an excellent portrait of Mrs. Thurber, who has done and is doing so much for this distinguished institution.

THE "PHILADELPHIA" AND HER SISTER SHIPS.

Eight years ago the recreation of the *matériel* of our navy began with a radical change from old theories to new practices, and with such success that to-day the country may be congratulated upon a development unequalled elsewhere. This does not mean, of course, we have taken the place among the naval powers which our rank and influence demand, but that, commencing with nothing, we have yet to record a failure in the guns or ships designed.

Great as has been this progress, we still lack, unfortunately, the main essential of a modern fleet; for naval strength is measured not by cruisers, Monitors, rams, torpedo-boats, or other auxiliaries, but by battle ships, and of this type not one is afloat, nor could be commissioned within three years. The *Maine*, which last month slid so gracefully off the Brooklyn launching ways, is at the best only an armored cruiser of the second class, and the *Texas* is, owing to the limitations imposed by her medium displacement, really a coast defender, and not a high-sea battle ship.

This grave deficiency in the outer line of national defence is the result of circumstances which up to the present year have confined our steel war-ship construction mainly to fast cruisers of the first and second classes; but in these our success has been so great as to warrant the hope that our battle ships will be equally worthy of the resources and intelligence of the republic.

The present development dates from 1882, when the *Chicago*, *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Dolphin* were laid down. "The building of the first four ships," wrote Secretary Tracy in his report of last year, "was an experiment in a field hitherto untried in this country, but they have fully sustained the high reputation of American mechanics. In 1882, when these cruisers were designed, the department was wholly without experience in the construction of modern war vessels. Nothing of the kind had been undertaken since 1874, and but little then. Boards and bureaus were without precise information as to the progress abroad, and without the means of acquiring it." Indeed, we needed everything then—material, machinery, workmen; and yet these vessels were most creditable to designers and builder. When their plans were drawn, only eight war vessels existed that could exceed 16 knots; but upon their official trials the *Chicago* made 15.33 knots mean speed, and 16.35 knots as a maximum; the *Atlanta* reached 15.54 knots as a mean, and 16 knots as a maximum; and the *Boston* averaged 15.58 knots, and ran at one time at the rate of 16.33 knots over the measured mile. In a cruise around the world the *Dolphin* covered 58,000 miles, and during 9000 steaming hours stopped once, and then only for two hours, to repair her machinery.

In the mean time steam-engineering had taken a wonderful stride. When the earlier ships were designed, the compound engine was the highest development the science had attained; but by 1885 the use of triple-expansion machinery had become general in the merchant-service, and the system had been applied—experimentally and for the first time—in the belted English cruisers of the *Orlando* class. Since then the progress has been phenomenal—so extreme, indeed, that experts are not wanting who claim speed effort has been overdone. The 16-knot standard has been raised to 20, even in war ships, while higher possibilities are promised, notably in the merchant-service. For it must be remembered that the essential differences between the duties of naval vessels and merchant steamers greatly favor the performances and simplify the design of the latter.

"Speaking broadly," declared Chief Constructor White, of the British navy, this year, "a merchant-ship is built and engined for the purpose of steaming continuously at certain *maximum* speeds. Passenger steamers are constructed to cover certain distances from port to port at certain specified speeds. In fact, they work under fairly uniform conditions of power development and engine revolutions, and can be regulated to give the best results under these circumstances. Every one on board is accustomed to fairly regular performances, and this fact greatly favors economy and efficiency, and their regular return to port enables constant attention to be given to desirable repairs or adjustments.

"A war ship is by no means similarly circumstanced. Assuming the simplest case, when she is proceeding alone, it will be found she is not so favorably placed. Such passages and most of her cruising are done at low speeds, requiring only a small proportion of the power she possesses in order that on occasion she may rush up to a high speed. For example, the *Howe* [battle ship] can be driven nine knots for less than 1200 horse-power—not one-sixth of the power she can develop with natural draught for a few hours. Yet she has to carry about always engines and boilers capable of giving her a speed of over 15 knots with natural draught, and over 16.5 knots with forced draught. The *waste work* inevitable under circumstances of this kind must be considerable at low cruising speeds, though every effort may be made to diminish it by using one of the twin screws or other devices. In the *Blake* and *Blenheim*, with engines of over 13,000 horse-power, natural draught, four sets of engines have been adapted with special disconnecting arrangements to permit the forward sets being thrown out of action when cruising at low speeds. In this great range of power, and small development under ordinary circumstances, are to found, doubtless, the cause of not a few of the difficulties which arise with naval machinery."

When a war ship forms a unit in a fleet, the case is still more difficult; for here the speed must be varied constantly to suit the position in line, the change of bearing, or the sudden demands for urgency—such as chasing, scouting, retreating, or despatch work—which may at any moment be ordered by an admiral. The speed of the fleet in battle order may be that of the slowest ship, but to go from a low mean rate to a straining and struggling high-water-mark within the least possible time, and under such conditions as are sure to occur in battle, is a problem that war-ship designers have to tackle and peaceful traders need not consider. So when ambitious but imperfectly informed patriots, rushing transatlanticward aboard marvellous mail-boats, wonder why our men-o'-war do not equal the speed so beautifully maintained, they may probably find an explanation in the radically different duties expected of the two types. In special naval vessels, such as torpedo craft and gun-boats, and in a few exceptional cruisers, the highest speed of the racers is excelled, and, even taking it by and large, it is not hazardous to assert that to-day the average speed of modern ships of war is at least a knot greater than the average speed of the higher—not the exceptional—classes of merchant vessels.

With this great development in speed came, in 1885, the construction of our fast cruisers, the *Newark* and *Charleston* being laid down in that year, though the design of the former was subsequently modified. The *Baltimore* followed in 1886, and the *Philadelphia* and *San Francisco* in 1887. To these years also belong the smaller cruisers *Yorktown*, *Bennington*, and *Concord*; the gun-boat *Petrel*, the torpedo-boat *Cushing*, and the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*.

In the *Baltimore* we built a record breaker. Upon her first official trial she developed 8978 horse-power, and made an average speed for four hours of 19.57 knots, and a maximum speed of 20.2 knots. In the second trial the average speed was 20.1 knots, and the highest speed for one hour, 20.39 knots, or at the rate of 24 land miles. This speed is unequalled upon similar displacements, and within a month she has proved in another and most important way her value as a sea-fighting ship. In a letter to the builders her captain writes: "On Saturday and Sunday, the 18th and 19th of October, this ship was in that terrific gale which swept the North Sea and played such havoc with the British fleet off Scarborough. As her builder, you ought to know that she was able to maintain a speed varying from 14.5 to 16 knots throughout two days, and was so comfortable when slowed down to 10 knots that any one below, except for the whistling of the wind, would not have known that a gale was blowing. The sea was furiously high, and had to be taken at the worst point, on her quarter, and yet her greatest roll did not exceed 28 or 29 degrees, while her recovery was marvellous in its ease. I had perhaps the best opportunity of the cruise to test her, and it was done so satisfactorily to me and to us all that I have made a special report to the Secretary.

"At no time during this gale would it have been impracticable to fight her battery, so that as a gun platform that can be depended upon under the most unfavorable of conditions at sea, the *Baltimore* is a grand success. This seems a triumphant issue after the unfortunate statements that she lacked stability. I have never served in a ship in all my experience that was so thoroughly stable, and so thoroughly easy and graceful in all her movements. Her speed, her engines, her boilers, her construction, are faultless, and they honor the builders and the workmen responsible for her creation."

Like the *Baltimore*, the *Charleston*, now in commission as flag-ship of the Pacific Squadron, was built after the designs procured abroad by Mr. Whitney. She is supplied with compound and not triple expansion machinery, and developed 6666 horse-power, and made an average speed of 18.3 knots for four hours. The *Philadelphia*, which the spirited illustration of Mr. Schell shows rushing bow on with a bone in her teeth, was built by the William Cramp & Sons Ship-Building Company. She is technically known as a protected cruiser, a misnomer, for she has no protection to her vitals save that given by an armored deck, and none to her crew and battery except what is afforded by gun shields. The engines are triple expansion, driving twin screws, and on her official trial she made 19.76 knots. During a late inspection three of her gun-carriages developed slight cracks; but it is certain that at least two of these are mere surface flaws, which will disappear when the metal is planed, and that all in no wise affect this excellent system of gun mounts.

In addition to the twelve cruisers already named, six others were ordered by Congress in 1888, and one in 1889, giving us by the end of 1892 nineteen vessels of this type which could assemble to honor the opening of the World's Fair—if we have one. In addition to these, our unarmored steel fleet will include by that time five gun-boats, one swift torpedo cruiser, two torpedo-boats, and one practice vessel, or twenty-eight modern war ships in all.

No space remains for a description of the armored fleet; but it may be added that we have under construction the armored ships *Texas* and *Maine* and six low free-boarded Monitors, one of which, the *Miantonomoh*, will be commissioned next month. Congress has also made appropriations for an armored cruiser of 8150 tons; a coast-defence vessel, the *Monterey*, now being built in San Franciso; a ram for harbor defence—a most promising type; and, best of all, three sea-going battle ships, designed to carry the heaviest armor and the most powerful ordnance. I say best of all, for to these noble vessels we must pin our faith. Without them all else is vain; all else is, indeed, so dependent upon them that Congress might in the present session authorize at least double the present allowance—yes, triple it—without fear of making a mistake. And may they be big ones!

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE IN THE SOUTHEAST.

The National Farmers' Alliance was not originally founded in the Southeastern States. The first organization bearing that name was established in Texas, in 1873, and was designed mainly for co-operation against cattle thieves. It was not until 1880 that this Alliance was incorporated by the State, and not until 1887 that it secured a charter, after its amalgamation with the Farmers' Union of Louisiana, as a national organization. In 1888 the Alliance consolidated with the National Agricultural Wheel, a farmers' organization which had already shown great strength, mainly in Arkansas and Missouri. In 1887 a State organizer was sent by the Alliance to Florida, and this gentleman, Mr. Oswald Wilson, who is now the president of the National Farmers' Exchange in this city, was elected first president of the Florida State Farmers' Alliance. The growth of the order in Florida has, however, been surpassed by its tremendous strides in Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas. In Georgia it now claims 150,000 members, as many more in North Carolina, and more than 50,000 in South Carolina. Of the representatives in Congress elected on November 4th from these States, seven from Georgia, eight from North Carolina, and four from South Carolina are either members of the Alliance or are supposed to be in sympathy with its demands. In Georgia the organization has always worked through the Democratic party, first gaining control of the Democratic primary meetings and thus securing delegates to the nominating conventions who are in favor of Alliance men. The result has been that of the present delegation in Congress only three members remain, Messrs. Lester, Turner, and Crisp, of the First, Second, and Third Districts respectively. The others are supposed to be in sympathy with the Alliance. Of these the most prominent is the Hon. L. F. Livingston, who will represent the Fifth District, and who is now the president of the Georgia State Farmers' Alliance. Before the nominating conventions met Mr. Livingston's name was mentioned prominently as a candidate for Governor, but Col. W. J. Northen secured the Gubernatorial nomination, and was elected, while Mr. Livingston was made a candidate for Congress.

Leonidas Felix Livingston was born in Middle Georgia in 1832, of Scotch-Irish parentage. His education was confined to the common schools in his State. He entered the Confederate army at Richmond, Virginia, August, 1861, as a private; afterward joined the Western army under Bragg, and was paroled May, 1865. He has always lived on his farm. He is a member and officer in the Presbyterian church at Cora. He has been prominent in every farmers' organization in Georgia for twenty years. For eleven years he was vice-president of the Georgia State Agricultural Society, and for four years president of that society. He was first vice-president of the Georgia State Alliance, and since then has twice been elected president by a unanimous vote. Colonel Livingston is a man of strong physique, of pleasing address, is a good stump-speaker, and reputed to be one of the best politicians in the Alliance.

The story of the State campaign in South Carolina has already been told in a former number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The same methods that were used to nominate and elect Captain Tillman as Governor were used in capturing the nominations for representatives in Congress.

Of the present delegation from South Carolina in the House of Representatives only two will return as members of the Fifty-second Congress, George D. Tillman, of the Second District, and J. J. Hemphill, of the Fifth District. Mr. Tillman is a brother of Governor Tillman, and may be expected not to antagonize in Congress the principles of the Alliance. Mr. Hemphill represents a district in which the farmers have comparatively less strength than in any other in the State. Of the other members, Mr. Stackhouse of the Sixth District, and Mr. Shell of the Fourth, were elected avowedly as Farmers' Alliance candidates, and Messrs. Brawley of the First District, and Johnson of the Third are supposed to be more or less in sympathy with Alliance principles.

Mr. Stackhouse was born in 1824. He grew up on a farm, and has always been a farmer. His natural talents and aggressive disposition have made him prominent in various farmers' organizations. When the war broke out, in 1861, he entered the Confederate army, and was attached to the corps commanded by General Longstreet. During the war he was promoted to be colonel for gallantry on the field. After the war was over he went back to his farm, and, until the present year, has taken no active part in politics. In 1887 he joined the State Farmers' Alliance, and the next year was elected its first president. At the conclusion of his term of office he was re-elected, and is still the chief executive of the South Carolina State Alliance.

In North Carolina the success of the Alliance has been no less striking than in her sister State. The newly elected Legislature, consisting of one hundred and seventy members, contains one hundred and two members of the Farmers' Alliance. The Alliance, therefore absolutely controls the Legislature, and can apparently pass whatever laws it pleases. Its attitude toward Senator Vance, whose term of office expires in 1891, is of national interest. Senator Vance introduced the so-called Sub-Treasury bill in the Senate last winter, and at the time of its introduction he was supposed to favor it. Afterward, however, he gave it as his opinion that the measure is unconstitutional, and announced that he would be unable to vote for it. The Alliance members of the Legislature are ready to re-elect Mr. Vance if he will change his mind again and favor the Sub-Treasury bill, but they say that he cannot be re-elected unless the bill receives his unqualified support. Col. L. L. Polk, the president of the National Farmers' Alliance, and editor of *The Progressive Farmer*, a paper published at Raleigh, North Carolina, could, it is said, be elected Senator from the old North State if he chose. But Colonel Polk has shown no desire for the honor, and the present probabilities are that his name will not be used. Of the Congressional delegation all but one are supposed to be in favor of Alliance doctrines and principles. Three of these, Messrs. B. H. Bunn of the Fourth District, J. S. Henderson of the Seventh, and W. H. H. Cowles of the Eighth, are members of the present Congress. Before the elections a card was sent to each Congressional nominee containing a pledge to support the demands of the National Alliance, of which the following was part of the contents: "I approve of the purpose of the bill introduced into the United States Senate by Senator Vance, and known as the Sub-Treasury bill, and if it is not shown to be unconstitutional I shall vote for it and advocate its passage; and in event it is shown to be unconstitutional, then I will introduce and advocate a bill to abolish bonded warehouses for whiskey, and also a bill to abolish the national banks." All the Congressmen-elect gave an affirmative response to these cards except Henry P. Cheatham, Republican, of the Second District, and Messrs. Henderson and Cowles, but the latter two are said to be in favor of the bill, and to have refused to sign the card simply as a matter of principle, as being opposed to pledges of any kind.

Of the North Carolina delegation, the most prominent Alliance man is Capt. Sydenham B. Alexander. Captain Alexander was born at Rosedale, in Mecklenburg County, in December, 1840. He is a graduate of the University of North Carolina. In 1861 he entered the Confederate army, and was soon promoted, for gallantry on the field, to the rank of captain. He served as Inspector-General of General Hoke's division until the end of the war. After the war he returned to his farm, and has been a farmer ever since. Colonel Alexander was a member of the State Grange almost from its organization; in 1876 he was elected a member of its Executive Committee. In 1879 he was elected a State Senator, and was re-elected in 1883, 1885, and 1887. In the latter year he was also elected master of the State Grange, and president of the North Carolina State Farmers' Alliance at its first organization. That position he held for two years, the constitutional limit. At present he is chairman of the Executive Committee of the State Alliance.

The Sub-Treasury bill, whose strenuous support will probably come almost entirely from the Southeastern group of Alliance members of Congress, was introduced in the present House by Representative Pickler of South Dakota, and by Senator Vance in the Senate. Its provisions, in brief, are as follows: First, That in each county of the United States there may be held an election for the site of a government sub-treasury, provided the said county shall have produced during the preceding two years $500,000 worth of agricultural products. Second, That any owner of cotton, wheat, corn, oats, or tobacco may deposit the same in the sub-treasury, and receive therefor eighty per cent. of the net value in Treasury notes, which notes shall be receivable for customs, and shall be a full legal tender. Third, That a warehouse receipt shall be given upon the deposit of such goods, showing their amount and quality; that such receipt shall be negotiable by indorsement; and that upon presentation of the receipt and the money received with it the goods deposited may be withdrawn, subject to a charge for interest, insurance, and warehousing. The action of the National Convention of the Alliance, at Ocala, Florida, may decide whether the Sub-Treasury bill shall be adopted and pushed by all the farmers' organizations, as also whether there shall be an amalgamation for political purposes of the Alliance and the Knights of Labor.

AN ODDITY IN ECLIPSES.

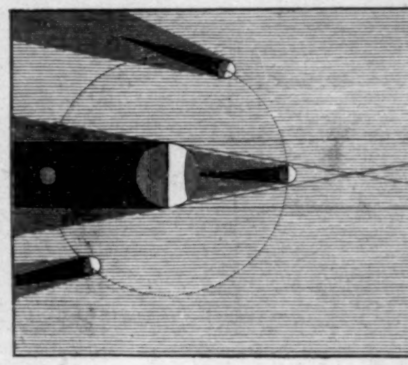
ASTRONOMERS who interest themselves in observing total eclipses of the sun are now enjoying immunity from these phenomena. It is already nearly a year since the last one took place, and more than twice that interval must still elapse before the sun is again availably obscured. The past ten years have shown signal advance in the methods and results of eclipse research. Clouds have hindered much; but the excellent work of Schuster in Egypt in 1882; of Janssen and Ray Woods at Caroline Island in 1883; of Schuster, Pickering, and Maunder at Grenada in 1886; of the few Siberian observers of 1887; and of Barnard, Pickering, Keeler, Perry, and Burnham in the two eclipses of 1889—has all helped to swell a large fund of information about the solar corona. Its entire worth cannot become known until it is fully discussed and properly correlated by a single competent expert.

Now follows a period of ten years, with only two or, at the most, three total eclipses which can serve the astronomer's need. Nor are these to be observed except by long journeys from haunts where science is most honored. It so happens that nature separates these two decades by a phenomenon of very rare occurrence—so different from the normal order in a well-regulated obscuration of the sun that it deserves to be called an oddity in eclipses. To explain the simpler conditions of this unusual event is the object of the present article.

It is matter of common knowledge that the moon in passing between sun and earth from time to time produces eclipses of the solar orb which vary widely from one another in character and importance. This is no less true from the astronomer's point of view than it is in the popular estimation. First, as to the mere phenomena. The partial eclipse is the most frequent; only a fraction of the sun is hidden. The solar disk is fashioned into a crescent of varying breadth, while to the casual observer the sun appears to shine almost as brightly as if unobscured. Next in the order of frequency is the annular eclipse; here the moon, as it comes into position between the earth and sun, is much farther than its average distance from us; consequently its apparent size is proportionately less, and it is not quite large enough to hide the solar disk entire. Any one, then, who happens to be in line with the centres of sun and moon will see the sun fashioned into the form of a ring. The moon's black globe is projected centrally upon the sun, but a perfect ring of sunlight shines all round the lunar orb. Nevertheless the light of day dwindles to that of sunset, or even less.

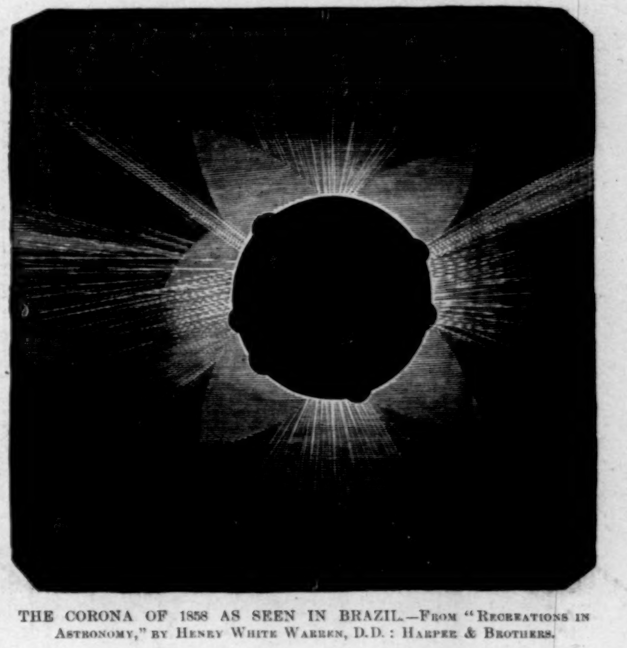
Neither the partial nor the annular eclipse, however, is at present regarded by the astronomer as of great significance;* he observes all, to be sure, which may come within his reach, but he would rarely think of leaving home to see one, much less of taking those long journeys to remote regions which astronomers of all nations frequently take in order to note the weird happenings of a total eclipse.

Now that the wide range of circumstances attending solar eclipses has been indicated, we may next inquire into the reason why these phenomena occur as they do, with all possible gradations, from the very small partial eclipse to that of complete totality. This diagram will help to make matters clear.



SHADOWS OF EARTH AND MOON.—FROM "RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY," BY HENRY WHITE WARREN, D.D.: HARPER & BROTHERS.

It is apparent how the moon in different parts of its orbit around the earth casts a dense conical shadow away from the sun. The figure is drawn to show how a total eclipse occurs at those points on the earth which are covered by the truncated apex of the moon's shadow. As may be inferred, the regions wherein such an eclipse is visible are never large; the black shadow as it trails along over the earth cuts a track rarely exceeding one hundred and fifty miles in breadth, and on the average only a hundred miles. The mathematical astronomer is able to predict with high accuracy not only where future eclipse tracks are to lie, but also the exact time when the lunar shadow will reach any specified point in the long path of a particular eclipse. The travelling astronomer suitably prepares himself with instruments of various sorts, and takes up his station accordingly.



THE CORONA OF 1858 AS SEEN IN BRAZIL.—FROM "RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY," BY HENRY WHITE WARREN, D.D.: HARPER & BROTHERS.

Now the size and distance of sun and moon happen to be so related that the vertex of the moon's long conical shadow usually falls a little short of reaching to the earth. This is the same thing as saying that the moon's apparent size is a little less than the sun's; the phenomena of the annular eclipse follow, and they will be confined to a terrestrial track on the average about twice the breadth of a totality path. As everybody knows, the moon's distance from the earth is periodically varying between narrow limits. Solar eclipses in general are entirely independent of this element in their happening; they may take place at any distance of the moon from the earth. But the celestial mechanism is much more delicately adjusted than is perhaps usually imagined. To go a little farther into the detail of the case: it may help, if we conceive sun and moon to be stationary relatively to each other, while the earth simply sweeps along without turning on its axis; thus the lunar shadow merely impinges on the earth as it passes. This introduces no considerable error, while the complications of the general problem of solar eclipses, as the astronomer has to deal with it, are removed.

Then, from the figure, it is easy to see how on very rare occasions the earth should so sweep along that the portion of its surface nearest the moon would only cut off the few hundred miles at the very apex of the lunar shadow But the diameter of our globe being thousands of miles, and its surface curving rapidly away, it is apparent that there must be points on the earth—both east and west of the middle eclipse—where the lunar shadow would fail to reach. Thus there is an evident possibility of an eclipse being total in the middle of its track and annular at both ends. Such a rarity in eclipses actually occurs on the 12th of December—an eclipse which is both total and annular, and which for lack of a better name the almanacs evasively call a "central eclipse." From Madagascar, New Zealand, and the greater part of Australia, the eclipse will be only partial, and not different from the average occurrence of this character. But a little to the north of the Mauritius begins the annular phase. From this point southeasterly runs the track within which the solar ring is visible, the area becoming narrower and narrower until a point is reached some sixteen hundred miles west of Cape Leeuwin, Australia. Here the vertex of the lunar shadow first impinges on the surface of the earth; and an observer, could he be there when the shadow comes along, would see the end of a total eclipse follow hard upon its beginning. To him the moon would gradually reduce the sun to the darkness of late twilight; then would follow the sudden effulgence of an extraordinarily bright corona, perhaps something like that drawn in the accompanying picture. Only for an instant would it be seen, then its structure would rapidly fade, obliterated by the return of true sunlight.

Time would fail for a sketch of the corona; but a camera properly equipped would, if exposed for a fraction of a second at the right instant, bring away a record which astronomers would value most highly, as it would throw important light on several problems in solar physics. For one thing, we should get directly the total brightness of the corona and solar protuberances—data which can only be obtained from the ordinary type of total eclipse by inference. Also—what is now recognized as having much significance in solar theories—the intricate structure of the lowest regions of the corona, adjacent to the sun's poles, could be studied with all desired minuteness. From the point where the shadow just touches the earth its trail begins to increase in breadth, still skirting along southeasterly, and the duration of the total phase also increases. It never becomes so great as a minute, however, and immediately it begins to wane. The shadow then leaves the earth quite symmetrically with its approach upon it. To the southeast of New Zealand there is a point where totality lasts for an instant only; and then onward, in the same direction, occur the phenomena of the ring of sunlight in the reverse order of their occurrence at the western end of the eclipse track.

It seems very unlikely that this eclipse will contribute anything to the progress of solar physics. The Australian astronomers of the fine observatories at Melbourne, Sydney, and elsewhere will indeed observe simple contacts of sun and moon, but that is all. It will be noticed that this eclipse path lies almost entirely upon the waters of the Indian and the South Pacific oceans. A few scattering islands below New Zealand are perhaps crossed by the lunar shadow, but their remoteness and the improbability of good weather will render them very unattractive to all but the most inveterate eclipse observer. After this rather useless although peculiar eclipse, the astronomer must compose himself for nearly two years and a half, when, on the 16th of April, 1893, if he locates suitably in the Argentine republic, or that of Brazil, or on the west coast of Africa in the vicinity of the Gambia, propitious skies will afford him opportunity to observe a total eclipse four minutes in duration, and one on which his hope for new light on the corona is now chiefly centred.

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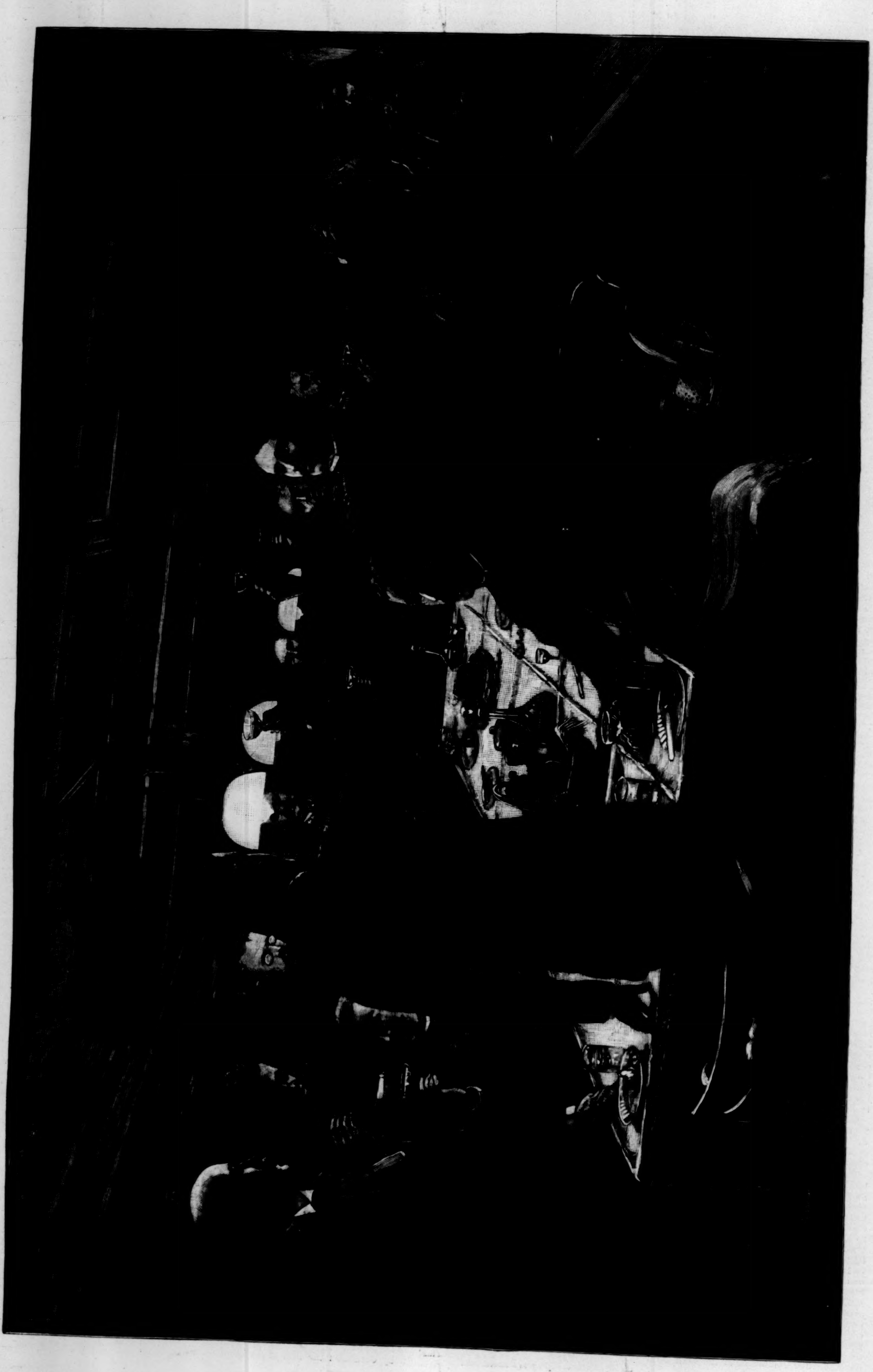
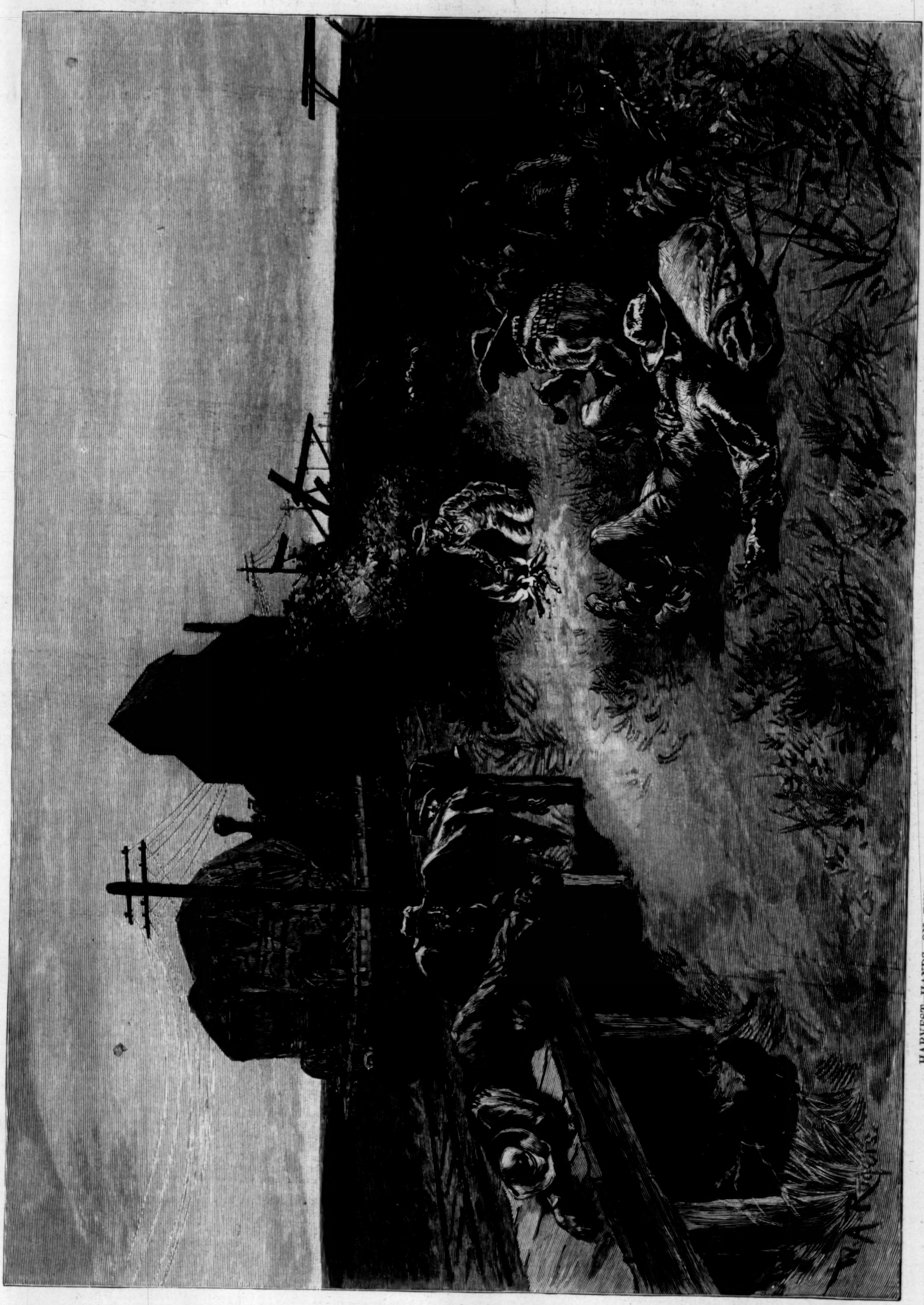
* It seems not unlikely that the text-books are in part responsible for the lack of interest usually shown in annular eclipses. These phenomena are frequently, indeed nearly always, figured in a very deceptive way, with the semidiameters of sun and moon unnecessarily out of their true proportion. Sometimes the eclipsing lunar disk is drawn only three-quarters that of the sun, thus giving the false impression that a very large degree of sunlight shines unextinguished during the ring phase. Consulting the ecliptic tables for the facts in the case, we find that the greatest possible width of the ring is one-twentieth of the sun's breadth, while it is usually much narrower than this. Now it is well known that the sun's corona has repeatedly been followed and distinctly seen for several minutes after the conclusion of a total eclipse; so it seems very possible that a strongly developed corona might be glimpsed during annular eclipses. At any rate, the gain to coronagraphy would be so great that the experiment is well worth a careful trial.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE WARDROOM OF A MAN-OF-WAR—'SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES!'"—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 974.]



HARVEST HANDS ON THEIR WAY TO THE WHEAT FIELDS OF THE NORTHWEST.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 975.]

THE AMPLE REPARATION OF ABNER WILCOX, SEAMAN.

"Abner Wilcox, what have you done with my husband?"

The voice was stern and menacing. She stood in the centre of the small, plain, carefully kept room. A shapely forefinger was shaken at the drooping figure that stood, hat in hand, in the doorway. A shaded lamp was on the small table at the side of the room; a few framed photographs and prints on the walls; a carpet with red figures on the floor; a shining cooking stove at the chimney; above it the small mantel-shelf with a few ornaments. He saw it all, and yet it was as if he saw nothing. His face was turned to the floor. Signs of uncontrollable emotion were on him, and his frame shook and his hands trembled in the agony of his soul.

He saw the picture before him, and yet his mind was full of another picture that seemed as if it would possess him for evermore. He saw a small fishing schooner beating in for Pollock Rip, on the Massachusetts shore. The night was dark and squally. The tide was sweeping out to sea, and until it should turn, the progress was slow. The skipper was at the wheel. The small standing stay-sail had been taken in, and the husband of the woman, James Hallett, had gone aloft in the dark to furl it. The skipper threw the schooner in stays while he was coming down the fore-rigging. Just as he reached the rail, "Draw away!" came from aft, and then a rush of the great jib as it flew to leeward on the traveller. The block of the sheet struck him fairly, and hurled him into the gloom overboard. Then Abner Wilcox knew that when he had let go the tail of the sheet he had made this woman a widow.

Movable articles were thrown overboard; boats were in the water almost instantly, three or four of them, the handy dories of the fishing service, and search was made everywhere, but in vain; James Hallett was gone. When the boats returned from their fruitless search, Abner Wilcox was found insensible on deck. He came out of this swoon only to rave of what he had done, and to rehearse the scene in his delirium. The skipper ran his vessel for Boston, and the delirious man was sent to the hospital, and rough but feeling hearts broke the sad news to the bereaved wife. Abner Wilcox and James Hallett had been boys together on the sandy shores of Cape Cod. They swam, fished, boated, dug for clams, and followed all the occupations peculiar to their class and surroundings, and both fell in love with the same girl. Abner was a silent, reserved, rather awkward young man. He loved Mary Crowell with all his heart; yet before he could muster courage to tell his love, James, bright, gay, and light-hearted, had sought and won the prize. She knew how it was with him. She had seen his shy, ardent looks, the faint flush that had tinged his cheeks in her presence, his awkward embarrassment when she spoke to him, and her woman's soul delighted to torment him, and she did so.

When James Hallett married Mary Crowell, Wilcox had a terrible despairing time with his own soul. Out upon the sandy beach, alone in a terrible storm, he fought and conquered, and a new nature came upon him, and a man was born again. He loved Mary Hallett still, but with a purified love that was devotion. Her two little girls he idolized. He was their abject slave. He wrought and toiled for them, saved and kept for them, and he loved them well. Now what had he done? His hand had, although unwittingly, bereaved these whom he loved so well, robbed them of husband and father, made their house desolate indeed unto them. After a wasting illness, he regained his senses and some strength. He would gladly have died, but his life was not his own. It must be devoted to those whom he had so injured, and in his heart of hearts he so devoted it.

When sufficiently recovered, he went to the sandy cape again. He could not muster courage to approach the house until after night fell, and so it came to pass that he stood in the door at even-tide, and looked for a moment upon the young widow. And she—in the violence of her pain and bereavement, her passion broke forth in uncontrollable fury:

"You enemy, *you murderer*, you false friend, how dare you come into my presence! Did you think that after you had killed my husband I might smile on you? Do you suppose, Abner Wilcox, that I will ever believe that you did not let that jib-sheet fly on purpose? Did you think that I might ever love you? You were never fit to clean the shoes of the man you killed that night, you false wretch!"

This was more than he had anticipated. He writhed and trembled under the fierce invective. He shuddered, and felt as if his heart would break; but the very fire of the vindictive passion of the young woman, as well as the utter injustice of the attack, calmed him somewhat, and he answered at last: "Mary, God knows my heart, and it is very sore, but your husband or any one dear to you would never knowingly receive harm from me. Your husband's death was an utter accident, although it came from me."

"Abner Wilcox," she answered, "if an angel from Heaven came to tell me that you were innocent, I would not believe him. You stand in that door, wretch that you are, where my husband ought to be. Living or dead, I will never forgive you for the wrong you have done me." She paused a moment, almost breathless with her wrath. Then, with imperious passion, she continued: "Go down into the bottom of the sea, where my darling is lying, and bring him back to me again alive and well, then I will forgive you, and not before."

Holding his hand before his face, as if to ward off a threatened blow, Abner Wilcox turned away, softly closed the door, and went out into the gloom of the night and came back no more. And Mary Hallett, her fury spent, sank sobbing on her knees before her chair, and prayed God to pardon her for her burst of impious wrath.

The sloop of war *Pilgrim* had sailed from Boston for South America, and was running out the south channel with a brisk northwest wind and a smooth sea. It was the morning watch. The lookouts had been called in, the running lights extinguished, a man sent to the mast-head, and Lieutenant Parker, the officer of the deck, brisk, alert, and commanding, was issuing his orders, trimming sail, and preparing to give the ship her morning bath and toilet. Suddenly from the mast-head came the hail,

"On deck there!"

"What is it?" from the officer.

"Something in the water off the starboard bow, sir."

"Can you make it out?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Quartermaster, aloft with a glass."

And soon the petty officer was on the fore-yard, gazing intently into the sea with his binocular. "Man on a ladder, sir," hailed the quartermaster.

"Watch, shorten sail," shouted the officer. "Life-boat's crew away. Orderly, call the captain. Royal clewlines—flying-jib down haul—lively, my lads!—in light sails—clew garnets and buntlines—up courses—lee after-braces—brace up aft—head yards square—fly the jib-sheets—down helm;" and the *Pilgrim* lay to with her head yards aback, and the boat was soon in the water pulling for a white object on the lee bow. Returning quickly, a man was passed up the side, and down to the sick bay, where the surgeon was ready for him. Apparently dead, yet all means of resuscitation were applied, and at last faint signs of life showed, yet when fully restored, his mind seemed wandering, and Dr. Turner was puzzled for the time, but waited for more developments. Under opiates the patient slept.

The *Pilgrim* filled away on her course, and under all sail made a straight wake for the northeast trades. The able physician could not make out the case of his patient. A severe bruise was on the side of his head and face, but there seemed a mental aberration and an inability to answer questions intelligently. When asked his name, he answered, "Mary Crowell." Asked how he came in the water, he replied, "Stay-sail." To the question where he lived, he said, "Tack ship." His bodily strength returned somewhat, but his mind was weak and wavering, and his memory too dim to be of any use.

In due time the *Pilgrim* arrived at Rio Janeiro. The unknown waif picked up at sea was turned over to the care of the American consul, and by him placed in the hospital. He was quiet and harmless, gave very little trouble, but his reason seemed lost. The charming climate and surroundings had a good effect upon the bodily health of the young man. From the windows of the hospital he could see the magnificent harbor, and the ships lying at anchor there. These seemed to interest him, but he always appeared to be searching for something among them that he could not find. A tawny silky beard grew upon his face, his form filled out, and but for the vacant expression in his eyes, he was all that manly beauty and symmetry of form could express. One day a beautiful little schooner came in from sea. Her snowy sails would have revealed her nationality at once, even if the starry flag had not flown from her peak. She seemed to interest the hapless patient greatly. When just in front of the hospital she gracefully tacked, and at the proper moment he shouted, "Draw away," and as the jib swung across the deck he was greatly excited, and seemed to be struggling with some memory, but could not concentrate his mind upon it. He watched the little vessel until she anchored, and would look at her for hours while she remained in the harbor, but at last she went away, and he saw her no more.

Abner Wilcox grew pale and thin. He visited a grave lawyer in the city, and told him his sad story. He made his will, leaving his little belongings to Mary and the children, and then he went to sea with a great sadness in his heart, and a desire for death and rest. The bark *Pursuit*, outward-bound for San Francisco, was struck by a pampero off the Rio de la Plata, and dismasted. When the gale abated, jurymasts were rigged, and the captain was able to get his ship into Rio Janeiro for repairs. One of the crew had been severely injured in the disaster, and was sent to the hospital upon the arrival of the ship. On the succeeding Sunday Abner Wilcox, seaman on this vessel, asked permission to visit his shipmate at the hospital, and receiving it, went on shore. He wandered about the beautiful city, visiting the objects of interest, and viewing the splendid scenery of the vicinity, and when the visiting hour arrived, presented himself at the entrance, and was admitted.

The injured shipmate was rapidly improving under the skilful care of the surgeon in charge, and Abner contributed to his comfort as he could, and was about to leave the place, when turning, he encountered a face and form that would never be effaced from his memory. Pressing his hands to his heart, struggling for breath, he murmured, "James Hallett," and fell fainting on the floor. When he recovered, kind people were about him, and were ministering to him. He was bewildered for a moment, but standing near was a form that brought back recollection, and he covered his face with his hands, and thankful tears fell from his eyes, and grateful prayers rose from his heart. James Hallett's face wore a troubled and perplexed look. His hand was pressed to his head. He watched Abner closely, and refused to leave the room. The latter slowly arose and approached him.

"James," said he, "don't you know me?"

Still the strange look of perplexity was in the troubled eyes.

The surgeon then gave Abner a short history of this case that had perplexed them so much, and with a look of intense pity in his eyes, Abner Wilcox vowed in his heart that his should be the task to restore his old friend to life and light and love again. He told the surgeon the strange story, and that intelligent officer saw at once the best hope for the afflicted and bewildered man.

"James Hallett," said Abner, slowly and distinctly, "I am your old friend Abner Wilcox. Don't you remember me?"

The vacant eyes brightened a little, but the look of trouble remained.

"James," continued his friend, "have you forgotten Mary and the children, and the little home in Wellfleet? Have you no recollection of the schooner *Matchless*, in which we were fishing together? Do you not remember one dark night we were beating up for Pollock Rip, and you went aloft to furl the stay-sail, and as you were coming down we tacked ship, and—"

Here the drooping head was raised, the vacant eyes flashed fire, and James shouted: "Hold on that jib-sheet, Abner; my foot is caught," and throwing up his arms, and shrinking as though fearful of a blow, he fell heavily on the floor.

They raised him, applied restoratives, and shortly after he slowly opened his eyes. All stood back but Abner Wilcox.

"Hello, Abner," said he, raising himself on his elbow, "have I been asleep long? Is it my watch? Why, how is this? What place is this? How did I get here? Where is the schooner and the skipper?"

"Gently, Jimmy," said his friend, "we will talk it all over some other time. You have been sick for a while."

"Nonsense, boy!" said James. "I am all right. Why, I feel splendid. I will get up and look around a little, and you shall tell me all about it."

And then the whole story was told James.

"And the wife and the children?"

They were well, but mourning him as dead, and no way of getting the news to them.

His impatience knew no bounds. He must fly to them at once—at once

Christmas Eve had come—the time when all Christians are glad at heart. When the cattle kneel in their stalls, and worship the star of Bethlehem—the radiant emblem of hope to a dying race. The land was aglow with the charm of the season. Happy parents and happier children rejoiced and were exceeding glad for a regenerated race and a loving ransom freely paid. A light twinkled in a little cottage on Cape Cod. A sad-eyed widow held her children to her heart and wept, as she told them of the father that was no more, and then more calmly of the glorious hope that the season gave of a blessed meeting with him beyond the stars.

Toward the feeble light two men hastened. One pressed impatiently on in advance of the other, who toiled along with quick, gasping breath, and his hand pressed to his heart. A look of pain was on his face, but he made no sign, and hurried on in the footsteps of him who had gone before. It was a glorious night. No cloud obscured the brilliancy of the northern constellations. A light fall of snow had covered the earth out of sight and added a luminous glow to the scene.

"James," said the rearmost man, "do not linger for me. Press on, to give them the glad surprise that your coming will be. I have no place there. I will come in later."

"Nonsense, Abner," said James; "the truest and most faithful friend I ever had shall share my joy this night. Come with me."

"I will follow, James; go you on at once."

"Mamma," said little Minnie, "is God glad to-night that people are so happy?"

"My child, we must be certain that He is, and also that He grieves with those who are sorrowful."

"Will my dear papa know in heaven that we miss him to-night, mamma?"

"We must believe so, my darling."

"Yes," said a strong voice from the door, "but you will mourn no more, my darlings, for the dead is alive again, and I am here."

To picture the scene that followed, with its precious emotions, is not for my pen. It was a Christmas Eve full of sacred joy and perfect love.

After a time James said, "Why, where is Abner?"

A cloud came over the brow of the happy wife, and she asked: "Why, my dear husband, what do we want of him? We are happy enough without strangers to-night."

"Mary, you do not know," said he. "You would never have had me back, if it were not for him. I must seek for him."

They had not far to look; for, having finished the task that had been marked out for him by the bereaved wife—having found the one who was lost, and restored him to the arms of those who loved him best—he was lying peacefully on the snow, with a smile on his worn face, for Abner Wilcox, seaman, fisherman, and gentleman, was dead.

C. H. Rockwell, U.S.N.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Blow high, blow low, in fair weather or in foul, the true sailor everywhere celebrates each Saturday night the memories of the dear ones at home. This sacred custom of the sea is hallowed by tradition and sanctified by love and absence. Even in these degenerate days, when hornpipes are danced no more and timbers waste unshivered, seamen look forward with pleasure to the toast, and, like the hearts of oak now gone, still honor

> "That night when all the crew
> The mem'ry of their former lives
> O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
> And drink their Sweethearts and their Wives."

Gone is flip, gone are jorums round, and passed the Spanish Main and gold doubloons, and going fast is the jolly tar of fiction and of song; but a few of the ancient revels linger, and of all none is more treasured than "Saturday night at sea." For the unvexed roadstead of home and the quiet haven of the fireside mean much to the sailor—so much more, indeed, in many ways, than they do to the land-keeping gentry, who have them year in and out under their lee, that the names alone become a spell to conjure with.

No ritual limits nor time nor place hampers the ceremony. It is ever a simple one, and its observance varies with ship and crew; but be sure it is remembered on every vessel by some true hearts, still wedded to the best of the old habits that have not haplessly slipped from our moorings. In a breezy, briny sketch, Cruikshank shows us the pig-tailed Jackies of Nelson's days gathered about the swinging mess table 'tween-decks, and trolling on Saturday night a rousing chorus to the quavering solo of the fo'ks'le's pride and joy. And there they are, sitting on mess kids and water-breakers, on either side the long, death-dealing 18-pounders, their unlatched throats, their cross-barred shirts, their love-locks floating free, with foaming pannikins and quart pots in hand, and faces shining under the glare of the purser's dips—there they are, these deathless sailors of Cruikshank, roaring out in the days of hard knocks, constant war, and scurvy, the praises of the lasses left behind.

On board ships of war the toast is ever a dinner one, for at this most worthy hour all try to feel that the vexations of the weary watches should be whistled down the wind valorously, and the little miseries of life at sea be anchored in a limbo of blue-devils that is far from the shining valleys and the shady bowers of Fiddler's Green, where all good sailors go. Stiff must blow the gale that can rob the feast of its mirth and freedom; and drear the season when black care can steal over the bows or creep through cabin windows to make a mariner forget the duty imposed. Most of all, perhaps, he enjoys it when everything about him causes home to appeal with greater tenderness and with more jocund promise. For the sailor's life, fore and aft, is one of sacrifice, of self-abnegation, of privations, and of suffering. He is often hungry, often wet and cold, and always glad when, watch permitting, he can sheer clear of howling gales and the spiteful drenching of roaring seas; glad when he can leave the gloom and stinging salt of the murky night and find an anchorage in the warmth and light below. The twanging of the sullen wind in the shrouds, and the dull flap and vicious rattle of the running-gear, the sibilant swish of the waves smiting the laboring broadsides, and the foam-crunch under the counter, all make the little wardroom seem by contrast a harbor of peace and rest.

The board is spread, and lights are trimmed, and nimble stewards come and go, and a hum of hospitality vibrates everywhere. You can hear the click of mating glasses, the murmur of conversation, low, as befits the place, yet sturdy, as becomes those whose voices have been rusted by nor'east breezes, and lessened from singing and hallooing of anthems. By-and-by the play of knife and fork is done, and glasses are charged until the bubbles wink as near the brim as the tossing sea fabric wills. From the head of the table issues the usual official signal for attention, and then the senior line officer—if it be a ship of war, as Mr. Zogbaum's animated picture makes it—stands up and looks about him expectantly, with invitation on his lips and pleasure in his eyes.

The others rise from the places where they have been ranged in due order and precedence. There is a little silence, until, with outstretched arm, and voice subdued to the gentlest courtesy of the rite, the senior says, quietly, "Gentlemen.... I give you.... Sweethearts and Wives."

There is a moment of rest, and then all answer, with a ringing chorus, "Sweethearts and Wives.... God bless them!"

It is a dear, a tender remembrance of all that is best in most of our lives; and surely, let us hope, it will not end until there is no more sea.

With the inevitable, the necessary reticences of a sea existence, you hear only upon such occasions, or when a great common peril has been met and overcome, the most sacred part of each one's life publicly celebrated as the general pleasure of a mess; and therefore, I suppose, no other toast can follow, for such would be *anathema*, and banned by bell, book, and candle.

The scene is a happy one for an hour or more, and a sedate one too, be it remembered, for the riotous days of rum and gunpowder and of potations five fathoms deep happily passed away years ago. To no one does it seem more inviting than to the unfortunate lieutenant—you may see him there in the drawing, clad in Cape Anns, and crowned with a sou'wester—whose duty calls him to a watch on deck, and to whom all feasting is denied, for there is work to be done for which no eye can be too true, no brain too clear. By nine o'clock, never later than ten, the frolic is ended, and all are better for the memories cherished, all happier that in a common joy, in a unity of desire, they have shown their love for those separated by leagues and leagues of stormy waters.

HARVEST HANDS ON THE WAY TO WHEAT FIELDS.

Flowing into Lake Winnipeg and thence to Hudson Bay, the Red River winds northerly between the slopes and intervals of its wide fertile valley. It constitutes the easterly limit of the great wheat-growing region which, extending across North Dakota, embraces the vast farms locally known as the bonanza wheat fields. This wide tract was in early times a favorite winter and summer home of the buffalo, and in more recent years was famous as an exceptionally fine grazing region for cattle. But it has been only within the past fifteen years—beginning with the time when Mr. Oliver Dalrymple, visiting this region, recognized its suitableness for the cultivation of the cereals, and securing, as an experiment, two sections (1280 acres) of land, planted the entire area with wheat, and from it harvested 32,000 bushels—that the possibilities of North Dakota as a wheat region were fairly estimated. Two years later the business of wheat-farming there on an extensive scale had generally begun; and has attained its present great development.

In this region the preparation of new land for the sowing of wheat begins in the June of the year previous to its planting. The work of breaking the soil, once regarded as so arduous, can be intrusted by the farmer to a boy or even a girl of fifteen years, who rides over the land in a sulky plough, turning the sod, which is left to rot until the autumn, when a second ploughing reverses or backsets the decomposed furrow, after which the ground is harrowed and left fallow until the next spring.

The sowing season begins near the middle of March. The wheat sown is invariably spring wheat, as the winter variety so generally planted in the middle latitudes of the continent is not so desirable for North Dakota, where the favorite species is that fine and peculiar grain known as beardless wheat. The bonanza farms are wonderful in their great extent, their productiveness, and the scale of magnitude of the agricultural operations upon them. Some of these, as in the case of the Dalrymple Farm, includes single fields comprising as many as 13,000 acres, while fields of from 1500 to 6000 acres in extent are not uncommon upon these estates. The farm-work of all kinds, from ploughing to threshing, on these great estates is, of course, done wholly by machinery.

The culminating and critical time in the operation of the year is when, toward the end of the hot midsummer, the heads of wheat hang heavy as they undulate in the sweep of the south wind across the golden seas of ripening grain, indicating that the time of harvest is at hand. Over the field in a long line go the reaping-machines, cutting, lifting up, and binding the grain stalks, and leaving behind them at each trip a wide tract of fresh stubble, thickly strewn with the heavy sheaves. The steam-threshers, their fires fed by fuel of the straw which they themselves provide, come after the reapers as soon as the wheat is duly seasoned—a result which in the dry clear plains air quickly follows the cutting.

In farms so extensive there is naturally a great demand for harvest hands, which the country immediately surrounding them is wholly inadequate to supply; hence, in the season of the ripening of the grain many laborers must be imported for the occasion from localities where labor is less in demand. The vivid and picturesque scene drawn by Mr. W. A. Rogers, which is presented on another page, is from a sketch he made at Castleton, just west of Fargo, of a group of men on their way from more easterly regions, to work as harvest laborers in the bonanza wheat fields. Many of them are lumbermen, employed during the winter in the woods of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Canada, and they are usually distinguishable among other workmen travelling to the harvest work by their knit jackets, and other characteristic features of their attire. There also drifts westward at this time a large element of floating city population, including not a few who would unmistakably be classed as tramps.

Some of the wheat farms are practically owned by the Northern Pacific road, while many other estates make contracts with that corporation to supply them with laborers, in which case the transportation of the workmen is regularly provided for upon that railway. In other cases the men go on their own account to the wheat-growing region to make there the best bargain for their services that they can, depending for transportation upon their success in stealing rides on the trucks of passenger trains, or in freight cars, for as much of the distance as they can, and for the rest of the distance reluctantly footing their way.

The group portrayed by Mr. Rogers has evidently had a weary time of walking, and have resolved to wait at the prairie station in the hope of boarding some train. That they are tired is indicated by the way in which most of them have bestowed themselves for sleep, and lie about amid their characteristic lumbermen's oil-cloth valises, which contain their worldly goods, and serve as receptacles for such supplies as they can forage. Those who have been so lucky during the day as to secure poultry or other eatable materials by purchase or capture, find means to cook them, while those not so fortunate forget their hunger in sleep in any place where they can bestow themselves most comfortably. Upon the platform cars in view against the background of the bare prairie are wagons, reapers, and other farm machinery on the way to the wheat regions and the elevator, a characteristic type at the railway stations of the country.

THE TORTURE ORDEAL AT THE BLACKFEET SUN DANCE.

The primary object in life of a young American Indian is to be a successful warrior. Thus the testing of the young man's courage and endurance by an ordeal of torture in the presence of his people has ever been a characteristic practice among the savage tribes of this continent. In a life beset, as was that of the American Indian in his native condition, with perils attending the pursuit of game, and with the greater danger presented in the perpetual warfare with environing hostile tribes—a warfare in which no mercy was shown, and capture meant to the prisoner a lingering death under every torment that savage ingenuity could invent—it was necessary that the warrior be at all times ready to incur unshrinkingly the risk of death or captivity by venturousness in battle or in plundering raids.

To establish for the young man an honorable position among the warriors of his tribe, a proof of his ability to endure pain unflinchingly must be given. This test of the young aspirant's bravery varies among the different peoples. Of all ordeals the most savage and painful is that of the northwesterly tribes of the central plateau—the Western Sioux or Dakota tribes and the Blackfeet, whose homes are near the easterly base of the Rocky Mountains. Those aboriginal tribes of North America found between the forty-second and the fifty-second parallels of latitude exceed the Indians to the south or north of them in stature, energy, courage, and dignity of character. The Tarratines, Iroquois, Chippewas, Sioux, and Cheyennes have represented the highest type of the savage Indian, and ranking with the foremost of these are the Blackfeet, whose original domain upon the arid plains of the central plateau included the country drained by the Saskatchewan, and extended southerly to the Missouri and the Yellowstone. Their country was the favorite home of the buffalo, and up to the time of the discovery of gold in Idaho and Montana the Blackfeet had little to do with the whites. At that date they constituted one of the purest types of the aboriginal Indians, with a nature fierce and unsubdued, and their native virtue uncorrupted.

Five tribes formed the Blackfeet Confederacy. The Blackfeet proper consist of three tribes—the Siksika, or Blackfeet proper, the Kena or Blood Indians, and the Piegans, who are of the same family, with the same language and customs, and call themselves "Prairie People." Two other tribes—the Sarcees and the Atsinas—are intermixed with them. The Sarcees in the North, of Athabascan stock, are a small predatory band, an offshoot of the Chippewyans of Lake Athabasca, who, besides the Blackfeet language, speak the guttural tongue of the Apaches and Navajos, those formidable Southern branches of the Tinneh race, who, in the mountains of New Mexico, were for centuries the scourge of the civilized peoples of that region. The Atsinas, from the South, or the Gros Ventres, are a branch of the Arapahoes, whose native home was about the sources of the Platte.

These five tribes constituting the Blackfeet Confederacy were reputed sixty years ago to number 30,000 souls, and were the terror of the Western Indians. Their condition was one of constant war, and this confederacy held the same position among the Western tribes that the Iroquois Confederacy of Six Nations held two centuries ago among the Indians east of the Mississippi River. Their predatory excursions extended into Washington and Oregon, and thirty or forty of their war parties were often out at once against the surrounding hostile tribes, among which were numbered the Crees, the Assiniboines, the Shoshones, the Kootanais, and the Flatheads. In 1836 the small-pox swept off two-thirds of the Blackfeet people, which diminished their importance among the Western tribes; and in 1870 another epidemic of the same disease destroyed many Piegans and others of the tribes of the Blackfeet Confederacy. Following the outbreak of small-pox, there remained of the Blackfeet but 4000 Siksikas, 2000 Kena or Blood Indians, and 3000 Piegans.

In person the Blackfeet possess unusual beauty and symmetry of the Indian type. They are tall and well made, with intelligent faces, aquiline noses, clear and lustrous eyes, with less prominent cheek-bones and thinner lips than are usual among other tribes. Their costume is the ordinary dress of the Northern plains Indians, and the faces of the men and women are often painted with vermilion. The primitive costume of the women is a long gown of buffalo-skin, dressed beautifully soft, and edged with yellow ochre. It is confined at the waist by a broad belt of the same material, thickly studded with brightly polished round brass plates the size of a silver half-dollar. In later days, since they have come more into contact with the whites, and especially since their allotment upon reservations, the Blackfeet have taken largely to the wearing of calico and woollen garments. The Blackfeet possess much intellectual vigor, perceptive power, imagination, and eloquence. They are dignified in bearing, with an expression of pride and reserve. Strong, active, energetic, and fond of war and chase, they possess much oratorical power, are keen and close reasoners, and eloquence is highly esteemed and cultivated among them. Their scope of thought is wide, and their speech is adorned with a boundless imagery, drawn from the things of earth and air, in the vast wilderness spaces about them. The reputation for ferocity which the Blackfeet possess among the native tribes is due largely to their situation amid enemies whose incessant attacks have compelled them to continual warfare and terrible retaliations. "In an intellectual and moral point of view," says Dr. F. V. Hayden, "they take the highest rank among the wild tribes of the West. The superior honesty and intelligence of the Blackfeet are acknowledged in the Northwest by the government agents, and they honorably abide by their treaties."

The Blackfeet are of a livelier temperament than most other tribes. When under the influence of liquor, instead of being quarrelsome and eager to take the war-path, as is the case with many Indians, they are jolly and good-tempered. Their form of government is simple. Each tribe has a head chief, and each band a subordinate chief, whose authority in time of peace is nominal, but who exercise absolute control in time of war. A few chiefs are hereditary leaders, but usually they are elevated to their position by prowess in war, or by their gifts as orators and statesmen, and an uncompromising assertion of their rights alone sustains them in their office. The form of religion of this people is sun worship. Their name of god is Na-pi-en, or the Venerable Old Man; but him they regard as unfriendly to mankind, and bestow their worship upon the especial friend of their people, Na-tush, or the Man-in-the-Sun, whom they regard as a white human form of surpassing grandeur and beauty. He is the bestower of buffalo and other game and good, gives succor in war, cures diseases, and governs in the land of spirits. He it was who bound the rain spirits with the rainbow, and who fights the spirits of evil. To propitiate the Man-in-the-Sun they offer religious sacrifices and proffer votive offerings of cloth, war-like implements, robes, and other Indian valuables, which they hang to trees in such position that the sunbeams may fall upon them.

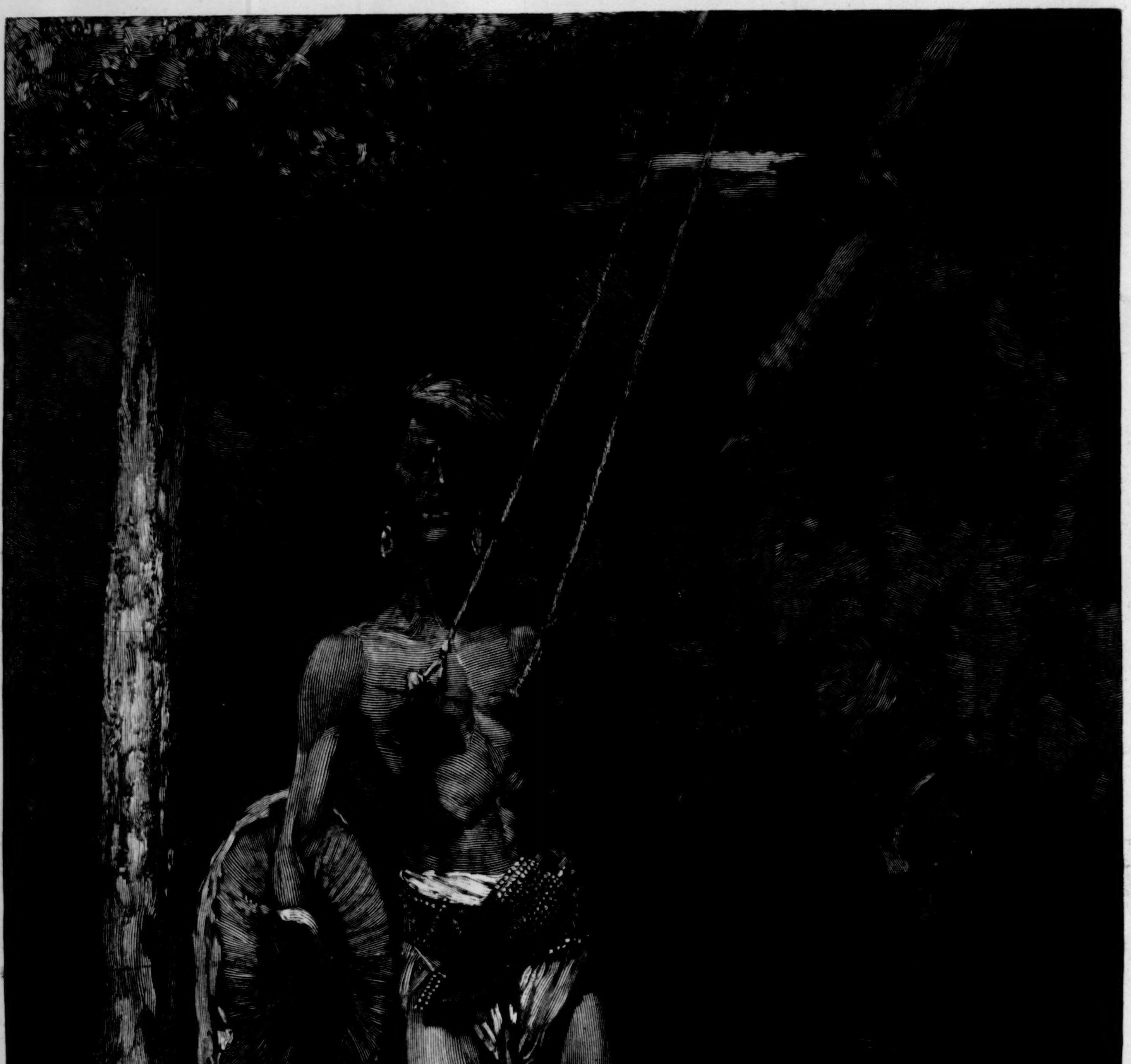
The small boy among the Indian tribes has his games, in which he hunts and practises mimic warfare with toy bows and short arrows of barbed grass. He is taught to dance, his teacher usually being his mother's brother. In the winter he snowballs, slides down hill on blocks of ice, or, standing on flat sticks, coasts swiftly, balancing himself with a pole. As he approaches manhood he is filled with the ambition to become a warrior, and is eager for the trial of courage that shall install him among the men of the tribe. The ordeal is the same at all times as to the torture inflicted, but the chosen occasion on which to display his heroic endurance under pain is in the great annual ceremony of the tribes of the Northwest known as the sun dance. This savage ceremonial, which exhibits that highest form of sacrifice self-immolation, is called vision-seeking. At this time it is determined whether the young men participating in it are worthy to become warriors of the tribe.

The sun dance takes place during the hottest period of the summer—July or August—and lasts three or four days. But long before that time, at a period late in the spring, the Indians have begun to beat the tomtom, their native drum, the sound of which goes a long distance, and is heard through the different camps. This noise is kept up during most of the nights, and is accompanied by dancing. The drumming and dancing culminate in the putting up of a large medicine lodge near the ground chosen for the grand dance, and the exposing of valuable presents as an offering to the sun. The young men who are to undergo the ordeal generally fast for some time previous to the sun dance. At the beginning of the ceremonies they repair to the lodge of the medicine-man, who makes four incisions in each aspirant's chest—two at each side—and passes a knife under the muscles of the breast, so that a short stick can be passed underneath the flesh intervening between each pair of incisions. They then repair to the dance-ground, where a stout pole about twenty feet in length has been set upright; suspended from its top are a half-dozen raw-hide ropes, the loose ends of which are made fast to the sticks in the young men's chests. The young men then throw their weight on the ropes, and begin to dance around the pole. They hang suspended only by these cords, without food or drink, while the head and body in an attitude of supplication face the sun, and the eye is unflinchingly bent upon it. Their minds are intently fixed upon the object in which they wish to be assisted by the deity, as they wait for a vision from above. Swinging by the rope, they blow a bone whistle or shout and sing in bravado, boasting of past exploits and of the brave actions that they intend to do, until the sticks are torn away through the flesh and tendons, or the dancers fall fainting on the ground. If they hesitate to join the dance, or show the least signs of cowardice in bearing pain, they are regarded as unfit to associate with warriors, and henceforth rank as "squaw men," and are not allowed to take part in the tribe councils, war parties, and dances. Occasionally, as a greater display of courage, individuals will have corresponding incisions made in their shoulders and backs, and attach to these by hair ropes one or more saddles, shields, or buffalo or ox heads, so that every time the body moves, as the dancer keeps time with the music, a jerk is given to the objects dragging behind him, until the sticks are torn from the flesh. This greater display of courage is rewarded by more prestige as a "brave," and more important privileges among his tribe in after-life. Sometimes the stick is set so deeply in the flesh that two men have to press on the performer's shoulders to tear it away.

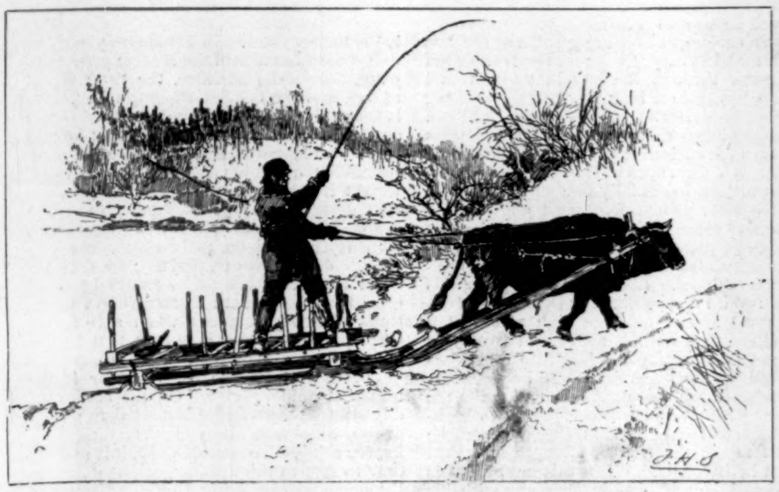
The sun dance affords a barbaric and striking scene, with the great crowd of gayly attired on-lookers watching with eager and sympathetic interest the tortured braves, who, betraying no sign of the pain they endure, dance wildly amid the continued songs of admiration and encouragement by the spectators, accompanied by the loud and violent beating of the tomtom. Mr. Frederic Remington in his illustration has depicted with graphic fidelity the terrible scene of the ordeal, and in the expression and attitude of the tortured warrior is the epitome of the religion, the ambition, and the heroic character of this Spartan-like people. The young aspirants, weakened by the previous fast, often fall faint and senseless to the ground; but they are lifted up, and continue their dance until the flesh tears loose, or it is manifest that they can endure no more, in which case they are honorably released. The ordeal sometimes endures for three or four days, but one by one they break away, and each, after his release from torture, receives the attentions of his relatives, who usually have prepared for him a feast. In after-years the Indians show the scars of the ordeal with pride.

The Blackfeet tribes in the United States—the Piegans and Gros Ventres—reside in Montana. The greater portion of the Blackfeet are north of the United States border, and the Canadian authorities estimate those within British territory at 6000; but as these Indians are constantly moving, it is hard to tell how many are in each of the respective countries. The original domain of the Piegans and Gros Ventres extended along the course of the Missouri River to a point below Sun River, thence diverging north of east to the elbow of the South Saskatchewan. The extermination of the buffalo, which in the North was consummated in 1880, left the Blackfeet, who had depended on this animal for food, clothes, and tents, practically without means of subsistence. At this crisis the Canadian government provided them with farms and taught them agriculture, thus avoiding the outbreaks from starving Indians that followed the extinction of the buffalo in the United States.

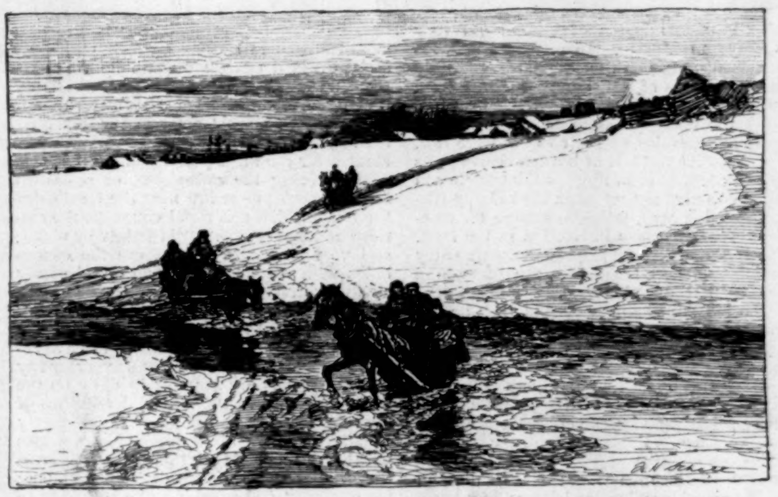
The United States Blackfeet Agency is in Chouteau County, Montana. The reservation originally comprised all the territory in Montana north of the Marias and Missouri rivers, a region comprising 33,000 square miles, or an area as large as Indiana. The climate of this tract, in the west part in particular, is salubrious, and, owing to the low altitude, its nearness to the mountains, and the Pacific breezes, is mild for one of so high a latitude. The Blackfeet Reservation was curtailed in 1887, and now comprises the land lying west of a north and south line drawn from the Canada boundary to the mouth of Cutfish Creek, a mountain tributary of the Marias River, a tract about 50 miles square with an acreage of 1,760,000. It consists mainly of upland, broken and hilly, chiefly valuable for stock-raising, the valleys only being adapted for agriculture. This part of the reservation, the natural range and breeding-ground of the buffalo, has been from time immemorial the home of the Piegans, and their love for it is strong. The Blackfeet and the Blood tribes as a body live in the Canadian Dominion. Some years ago the Piegans separated into two divisions, the northern branch making their quarters in Canada, and the southern branch in Montana. At the United States Agency the population according to the Indian Agent's report of 1888 is 2268.


FREDERIC REMINGTON-
Blackfoot Agency July 12. 1890.

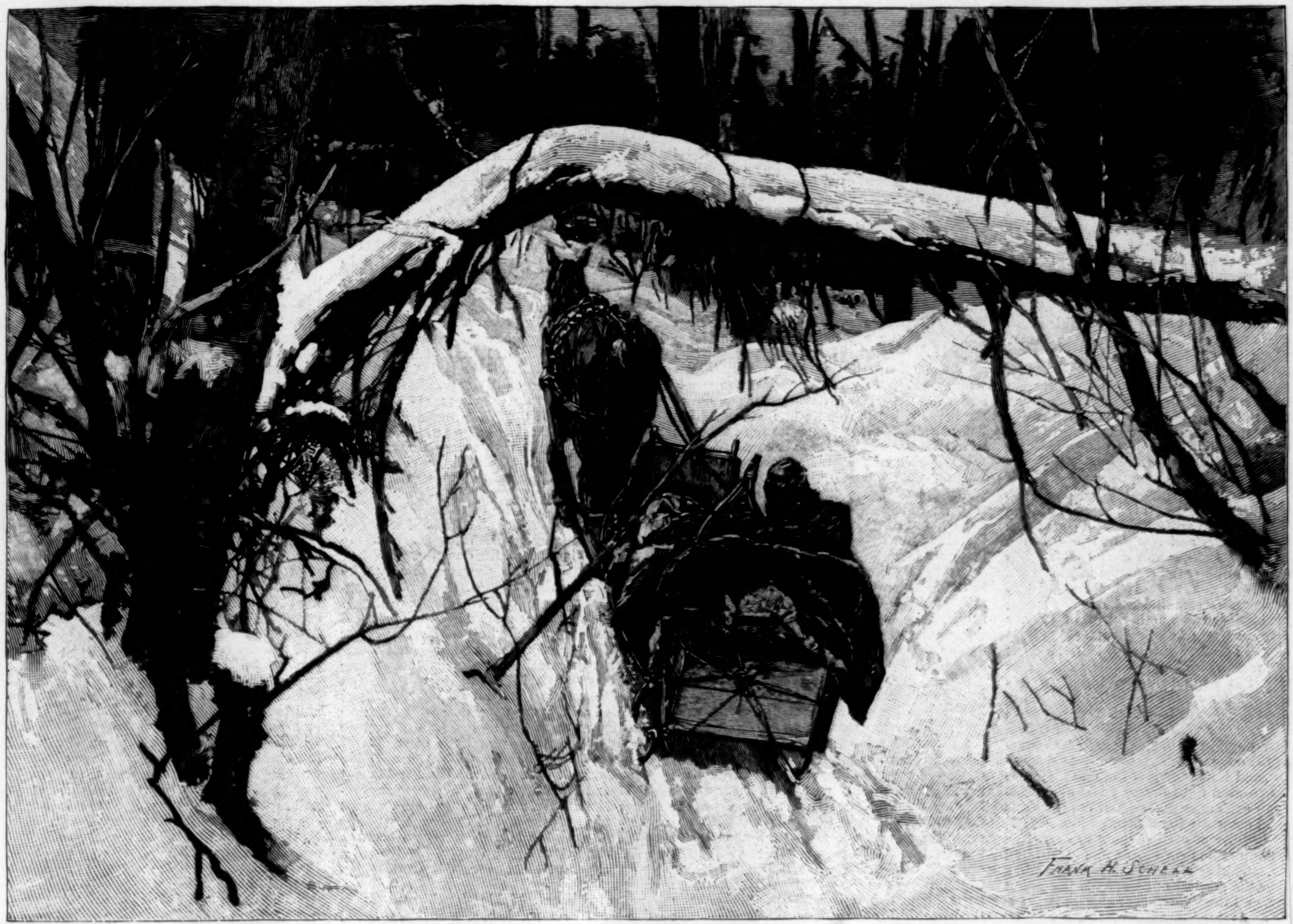
THE ORDEAL IN THE SUN DANCE AMONG THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 975.]



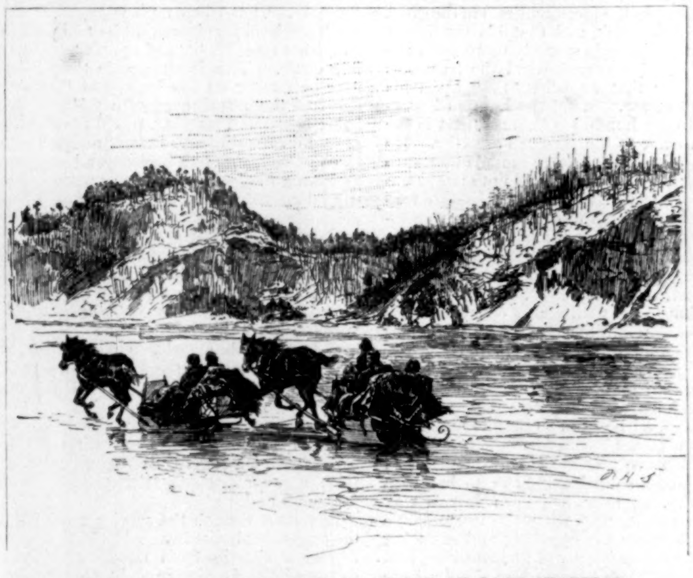
GOING TO DEPOT FOR PROVISIONS.



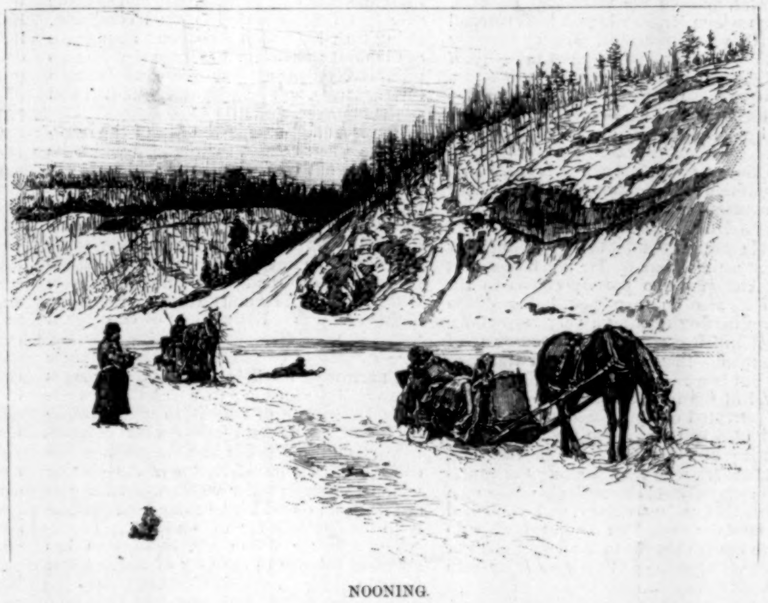
A THAW—DOUBTFUL CROSSING AT ST. TITE.



PORTAGE BETWEEN LAKE MICKINAC AND LONG LAKE.



NINE MILES AN HOUR OVER GLARE ICE ON LAKE MICKINAC.



NOONING.

A VISIT TO THE CANADIAN LUMBER REGION.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 979.]

MEXICAN BURDEN-BEARERS.

Two-legged beasts of burden are very plentiful in Mexico. In ancient times, before the coming of the Spaniards, the only possible means of transportation, away from the few watercourses, was on the backs of men; for many years after the Conquest, while oxen, mules, and horses yet were few, this primitive method of burden-bearing was continued; and even now, as the traveller in a Pullman car may see when the railway parallels a high-road, freight carriage on man-back is a recognized institution in the land. The loads which these pack animals carry uncomplainingly frequently are of such a weight that an able-bodied mule would twitch his tail viciously should they be imposed upon him; yet the human bearer will stride along beneath them with a steady, easy gait, and even in a long journey will make but few halts. The method of carriage, when the weight is great, always is the same: a broad strap, the *mecapal*, goes across the forehead and divides with the broad back the strain of the load.

Some of the men whom Mr. Remington has sketched are burden-bearers in only a secondary sense: primarily, they are peddlers. The water-ice man scarcely can be said to carry a load at all—a mere trifle of fifty pounds or so on his head. He is a prominent institution of the City of Mexico, and any afternoon—down by the Alameda or Paseo, or near the bull-rings—may be heard his piercing, rasping cry of "N-i-e-v-e!" wherewith he exploits his dubious ware. I have seen people eating the ices which he sells; eating them out of one of the doubtful glasses which he carries in a tray, and with a more than doubtful spoon. They have a mucilaginous look, these ices, and their color is a dangerous red or green. How deadly they may be, when fired into the human body at point-blank range, I do not venture to say. That they are highly unwholesome I am confident, for on more than one occasion I have beheld young and innocent children develop after eating them most violent internal pains.

The itinerant vender of chickens, the *pollero*, is another of the burden-bearers who, even when full freighted, carry but a trifling load. The crate on his back is divided into three compartments, one above the other, and in each compartment he may have at the most six or eight chickens—all told, not much more than a hundred-weight: for Mexican chickens are of a meagre habit, even when allowed to live (as most of them seem to be) to a great age. The *pollero*, thus lightly loaded, will trot along—with the short, nimble Indian step—a good twenty miles while the day is still young in order to make his market; and will go patiently from house to house until the last of his tough delicacies is sold before he will seat himself near one of the fountains and rest while he eats the breakfast of *tortillas* and *chile* that he has brought with him safely stowed in the crown of his straw hat. When this light repast is finished, his various small purchases are made; after which comes another trot of twenty miles home again before dark. Sometimes his lading is *codornices*—a bird of the quail species, most excellent to eat—or rabbits, or doves. It is a good day for him when his lading is of this toothsome sort, for sales are easy and profits are large. Yet therein also lies danger: for with a jolly double handful of *tlacos* jingling in one's pocket how seductive is the odor that floats forth from the *pulquerias*, and how strong is the temptation to continue—even until the very last of them is gone—to exchange these small copper coins in genial company for many flowing bowls!

The peddler of earthen pots has no such sharp temptation to misuse suddenly acquired wealth. Taking the seven days of the week together, the average of his sales is just about the same all the year round: and it always is so low an average that the wonder is how he manages to make it keep together the souls and the bodies of himself and of his usually numerous tribe. As a rule, the pot-seller also is a potter, making the ware that he sells. The man whom Mr. Remington has sketched comes from Atzcapotzalco, close by the City of Mexico. Potting is the chief industry of this little town, and has been from those ancient times when, according to the romantic Mr. Prescott, it was "a royal city" and was ruled by "kings" with very trying Aztec names. Excellent coarse clay is found there, and in almost every household is carried on the manufacture of common ware. The larger manufacturers bring their product to market on the backs of asses, quite in a grand and wholesale way, twenty, thirty, even forty pieces at a time; but by far the larger part of the Atzcapotzalco pottery comes to the City of Mexico on man-back, half a dozen pots in a netting making a very respectable load. All of it comes over the causeway of the Tlaxpana—that now no longer traverses a lake, but is a roadway raised a little above the level of the meadow-land—along which Cortés retreated on the *Noche triste*, the Dismal Night, when the Aztec warriors rallied and drove him forth from Tenochtistlan. The pot-sellers who trudge along the causeway nowadays, lineal descendants of the men who won that gallant victory, and who ruled where now their children serve, probably do not give much thought to the lost glories of their race. The whole of their energies seem to be bent to the difficult task of selling for four *tlacos* a pot that is worth three; an unrighteous effort to extort more than their due that, be it said, rarely is crowned with success.

Heavier than the load of the dealer in pots is the load of the dealer in fruits and vegetables. This perishable lading is weighty; and—stowed in a crate covered with hide and protected against the sun by a blanket thrown over it—it must be carried carefully, that it be not crushed, and briskly, that it may come to market early in the day. As the market gardens which supply the City of Mexico for the most part are along the Viga Canal—being the *chinampas*, or so-called floating gardens—or are near the borders of the lakes which this canal connects, the carriage of greens to the city is mainly by water; and very pretty to behold are the canoes laden with vegetables and fruits, and nearly always with flowers also, which come up the Viga by hundreds in the clear cool light of early day. Yet all the market gardeners in the valley are not so fortunate as to have access to this watercourse, and very many loads of greens are brought in daily on the backs of men. In the other inland cities of the republic, men and donkeys divide pretty equally the work of supplying the markets with fresh food. If anything, the men have the heavier share of this division of labor: for one must be something of a capitalist to own a donkey, and among the common folk of Mexico capitalists are rare.

Between donkeys and men is divided also the work of bringing to market fodder from the threshing-floors. The Mexican method of threshing—save on a few great *haciendas*, where American machinery is used—is of the Scriptural sort: the grain in the ear is laid on the threshing-floor, and horses and cattle or goats are driven over it; after which the straw is removed and the grain is winnowed from the chaff by throwing both together by the shovelful into the air when a brisk wind is blowing. The straw thus obtained, being softened and broken into short lengths, is eaten by asses and even by horses with relish—indeed, a serious objection on the part of Mexican farmers to American threshing machines is that the threshed straw remains unbroken and hard. In order to bring it to market, the fodder is baled in a netting of cords, and as the bales are large and are packed solidly they make a load that no one but a professional burden-bearer could carry far. This whole process is very like that pursued in the south of France: where the grain is threshed on a threshing-floor by dragging over it a heavy wooden roller, and is winnowed by throwing it against the wind, and where the bruised straw is brought to the barns baled in sheets: but in France the bales are loaded on wagons, not on the backs of men.

A pig-skin of *pulque* is a load of at least two hundred pounds: yet it is a load so inspiriting, so happily suggestive of a possible transfer of some portion of it to the interior department of its bearer, that he who carries it walks jauntily—as one whom the world is using well. A more practical reason for taking so lightly this really heavy load is found in the fact that it rarely is carried far. The maguey juice—*aguamiél*, honey-water, as it is called—is collected from the plants in pig-skins, and so is carried, never a long distance, to the building in which the judiciously conducted fermentation ends in the perfect *pulque* that every Mexican within a radius of a hundred miles of the Plain of Apam knows and loves. From the place of manufacture, for the most part, it comes up to the City of Mexico in casks by rail, and so considerable is the quantity carried daily that on two railway lines regular *pulque* trains are run: just as, in this part of the world, the railway companies run milk trains. From the terminal stations, the casks are carried to the hundreds of *pulquerias* in wagons; and for the transfer to the shop, pig-skins again are used. In this process it will not occur to the bearer to put down his load should he be compelled to wait a few moments while the barrel inside the *pulqueria* is made ready; bent forward to keep the bag steadily upon his back, he will smoke placidly until he can discharge his cargo—when he will refresh himself with a long draught of it, and so make sure that it is delivered in good condition. Being thus blest with a constant abundance of the most comforting beverage that Mexico produces, *pulque*-carriers are glad beneath their burdens, and lead joyously fuddled and contented lives.

Far less gladsome is the life of the *aguador*, the water-carrier, for the load which he carries is not of a sort that he himself has any great fancy for drinking, and he must toil beneath it—ever going afresh to fill his jars at the fountain—through many weary hours in every day. Water is heavy stuff, and not only must he bring it from the public fountains to the houses which he serves, but he very often must carry it up many flights of stairs. His method of carrying it varies in the different cities of the republic. The *aguadores* of Zacatecas carry a single tall, narrow jar on their backs; those of Lagos two small jars swung to a yoke across the shoulders; those of Querétaro wheel before them four small round jars on a sort of hand-barrow, and in Morélia and Guanajuato the entire burden is transferred to an ass—beside which the water-seller walks when his jars are full, and on which he rides back gallantly to the fountain for a fresh load.

The *aguador* whom Mr. Remington has sketched belongs to the City of Mexico, and the like of him is not found elsewhere. He wears a waistcoat and apron of leather, a heavy leather cap that takes the strain of the straps which support his jars—the *chochocol* on his back and the *cantarito* pendent before him—and at his side is a leather pouch in which he stores his earnings of copper coins. These earnings never are great, and are less now than in former times: for the distribution of water through the city in underground pipes has gone a long way toward spoiling the water-carrier's trade. The class still is a considerable one, however, and still maintains some of the curious customs which have come down to it from ancient times. Whoever desires to join it—usually one whose father is or has been an *aguador*—must not only obtain his license from the city authorities, but also must prove to the satisfaction of his future associates his strength of back and steadiness of hand. His trial usually is in this wise: With *chochocol* and *cantarito* both full, he must ascend to some high place, a tall dwelling or a church tower, and from this height must empty his jars into other jars placed upon the ground. If he does not stumble in the ascent, and if he decants the water without undue waste, the test is satisfactory; but if he fails in either respect he must repeat the trial of strength and skill until he succeeds. When this happy end is achieved, he adjourns in company with his judges to the nearest *pulqueria*, and there stands treat to a general drinking to his prosperity in his new calling. In former times, when business was better than it is now, the neophyte gave a feast to those of his associates belonging to the quarter in which he was to serve; and to this feast patriarchs and eminent members of the fraternity from other quarters also would be invited; and they all would have a very good time. But this genial custom rarely is observed in these poverty-stricken days.

The great holiday of the year for the *aguadores* is Holy-Saturday. All over Mexico on this day Judas is burned in effigy—usually in front of the bake-shops, because Judas was a baker—and the *aguadores* and *cargadores* always are the chief promoters of this religious frolic. I remember an occasion of this sort in Monterey when the jest came near to being a tragedy—for a live man was selected to play the part of Judas, and was carried, bound, about the town, and finally was plumped into the great spring, the Ojo de Agua, where he had a very narrow escape from drowning before he could loose himself from his bonds. A much less barbarous festival that the *aguadores* engage in is that of the Holy Cross (May 3d), when they decorate the public fountains with garlands, in the evening make a display of fireworks, and finish the night under the inspiring influences of *pulque*, music, and the dance. Although now warped into conformity with a Christian festival, this celebration unquestionably is a relic of pagan times.

Like other men, the *aguadores* have their foibles; but, in despite of these, they constitute a class of useful and faithful workers, upon whose punctual service much of the comfort of household life depends. To their honor be it said that they very rarely take advantage of their opportunities for wrong-doing; yet these opportunities are large. When once a water-carrier has been engaged to serve a household, he becomes a regular institution—continuously coming and going day after day until his presence in the house passes unobserved. Being thus at once an intimate member and an outsider of many families, and possessing rare opportunities for spying upon the seamy side of private life, both the honesty and the discretion of an *aguador* must be as far above suspicion as the morals of Mrs. Cæsar. His hands must be stayed from their many chances for picking and stealing, and while his eyes cannot be blind nor his ears deaf to the many things not intended for him to see or to hear, he must set a strict guard upon his lips that no whisper of his chance discoveries goes abroad.

And to be successful in his calling the *aguador* must be a personable man, of pleasing manner, and with a knack for telling a good story and a talent for sprightly repartee. These several requirements are rendered necessary by the fact that in the smaller establishments he is engaged by the housewife and in the great houses by the cook, and that his continued employment depends scarcely more upon the punctuality of his service and the freshness of the water that he brings than upon his powers to please. What the London house-maid is to the London policeman, that is the Mexican cook to the Mexican *aguador*. He may be trusted not to talk scandal and not to steal; yet are his own doings not always unscandalous, and many are the substantial articles of food which disappear from well-to-do households in his company—leaving no trace behind them save a curious smacking sound accompanied by a suppressed giggling on the stairs. And it also is whispered that in addition to his willingness, on his own account, to trifle simultaneously with the young affections of a score or more of elderly cooks, the *aguador* is willing—for a consideration, of course—to take a friendly hand in love affairs which are not his own; making use of his confidential position to play the part of a Mercury between lovers whom bolts and bars and stern parents, or sterner husbands, hold asunder—and so helping Love to laugh at locksmiths: as ever has been Love's way since the remote ages when the irrepressible conflict between the opposing and enduring forces of love-making and locksmithing first began! But that the *aguador* should have the solace of his own small love affairs, and the substantial emolument incident to furthering the love affairs of others, scarcely can be grudged to him, for his trade is a weary one and his profits from it are scant.

Chief among all the burden-bearers of Mexico is the *cargador*. In his single person he unites the functions of the local express company, the local post-office, the professional mover, and the district telegraph boy. He is the equivalent of the English ticket-porter and the French *commissionnaire*, but he performs also labors of Hercules from the mere suggestion of which either of these light-weight European functionaries would start back aghast. He will carry everything that can be carried, from a note to a grand piano (in carrying a piano, to be exact, four *cargadores* usually are employed); he does his work faithfully; his wages would be small even though he were to receive—as sometimes blissfully happens when a foreigner employs him—the whole sum that he demands.

Throughout Mexico the *cargador* is the universal public porter. On the corners of city streets where traffic is most dense, three or four *cargadores* always are standing waiting for a job. To summon one, it is needful only to step to the window, or out upon the balcony, and clap one's hands. All within hearing respond instantly to this call, and the first of the several difficulties which attend employing a *cargador* is that of segregating the man who is wanted from his companions who are not wanted, but who insist upon being hired. As a semi-public functionary, each of these public porters is duly licensed by the civic authorities, and is compelled to wear conspicuously a brass badge on which the number of his license is exhibited. Theoretically, he can be held responsible, under the police regulations, for loss or breakage of articles while in his charge. Practically, however, this legal provision is without value—inasmuch as the entire sum of his earthly belongings seldom is more than his white cotton shirt and trousers, his battered straw hat, the cushion that serves to save a little his back, and the *mecapal* with which he swings his load. All that can be gained, therefore, by judicial proceedings against a delinquent *cargador* is the mixed pleasure of compelling him to forfeit his badge and to spend some weeks or months in jail.

Fortunately, the need for such extreme action very seldom, almost never, arises. In every city and in every large town the *cargadores* are united in a *cofradia*, a guild, that is governed within itself by severe laws. Professional honesty absolutely is insisted upon; and it is much to the credit of these men—who frequently are intrusted with articles of value which would suffice to keep them in comfortable idleness for a year—that dishonesty among them practically is unknown. There are cases on record, indeed, of *cargadores* who have given their lives in defence of the property confided to their care. In less essential matters of morals, matters not affecting the reputation of the profession as a whole, the individual *cargador* is free to conduct himself, so far as the *cofradia* is concerned, pretty much as he pleases. If he sees fit to drink more *pulque* than is good for him, and thereby becomes so oblivious to the orders of his employer as to go hopelessly wrong with his load, or so at odds with the law of gravity as to come down by the run and involve himself and his lading in a general wreck, his fellows are far from reproaching him. A *cargador* made of such base stuff soon finds himself in enforced idleness; and, as there always are more men than there is work, his loss of custom is some one else's gain. In point of fact, however, injury to the load is almost as rare as is deliberate theft. Even when the heads of these carriers are muzzy with overmuch *pulque*, their legs continue firm under the most prodigious and the most heterogeneous loads.

The extraordinary collection of things that a *cargador* can carry upon his back and dependent from his person is truly surprising. A trunk, or a bale of goods, or any single large article, he disposes of easily in the manner that Mr. Remington has shown in his sketches. It is when he is engaged in moving household furniture that he really shines. In such a case, his base of operations usually is a chair. This is an article that readily may be swung on his back, and that lends itself to the attachment of a miscellaneous load: a bed and bedding, rolled up together, placed on the seat and surmounted by a picture or two, a rose-tree in a pot, and a hat-box; and hung to the legs and rungs a roll of matting, domestic utensils, a sword, and several pairs of shoes—in addition to all of which he will carry on his left arm, raised that his left hand may steady his load, an iron pot; under his right arm an umbrella and a broom, and in his right hand a parlor lamp or a tin cage containing a live cockatoo. To see a *cargador* walking along the streets in the middle of an iron-bedstead is a sight to remember; and still more memorable is his appearance beneath a perfect mountain of rush-bottomed chairs. Yet with ladings of this stupendous and perilous nature he will work his way through crowded streets—dodging successfully foot-passengers, carriages, carts, and tram cars—and come triumphantly to his journey's end.

Excellent though the service rendered by the *cargador* almost invariably is, the normal foreigner shrinks from employing him because of the inevitable fight that must be fought before the difference between what he wants to be paid and what he ought to be paid can be adjusted. This is a matter that cannot be reduced to a system, and that defies all rules. In every case his pay must depend upon the distance to be traversed and upon the size and weight of his load—factors of uncertainty which open a field of argument that practically is limitless. The safe rule is to compel him to name his own price, always a difficult matter to accomplish, and then to offer him half as much as he demands. Ordinarily, after a sharp discussion, these terms are accepted; but a brisk little wrangle is sure to take place when the case is reopened, the job being completed, by a presentation of excessive claims for drink-money. Yielding at this stage of the proceedings is a fatal error; the only safe course is to meet such claims by firmly declaring that *pulque* to the value of three *tlacos*, that is to say four and a half cents, is as much as any *cargador* ought to drink at one time.

In Mexico, a very easy-going and delightful land, customs change slowly. The existing burden-bearing class was created under primitive conditions; and it is likely to continue to discharge its functions in primitive fashion, in defiance of railways and steam-engines, for a long while to come. In point of fact, its members as yet have no desire for change. They do not know how wretched they are; as is made manifest by their unfailing cheerfulness beneath oppression, and by their irrational but very evident contentment with their evil lot. If they reason at all in the premises—which is improbable—it seems to be to the effect that though their labor is heavy it is not out of proportion to their strength; that though their pay is small it is sufficient for their needs. No doubt, as the blessings of enlightened civilization corrode the Mexican nature, all this will change for the better, and the burden-bearers, even including the light-weight water-ice men, will clamor for their "rights." To judge from present appearances, however, it is improbable that such improved sociological condition is near at hand.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

LUMBERING IN CANADA.

INSTEAD of causing a cessation of activity in the Canadian provinces, the approach of winter gives it a new impetus, for with the commencement of the cold season lumbering is resumed, and gives employment directly or indirectly to the greater part of the laboring population. Almost every city, town, and township in the Dominion furnishes a number of men to the lumber camps—or shanties, as they are popularly called—each fall, but the majority of the men who work in the woods are from the rural districts. In the month of November and the early part of December, when farm-work has dwindled to choring, many of the farmers' sons and the hired men go to the woods to work for the timber dealers. They assemble at Three Rivers, Ottawa, and the various towns and villages on the borders of the lumbering districts. They find no difficulty in securing employment and what they consider good wages. Indeed, so great is the demand for men that the agents of the chief lumbermen frequently organize their gangs in the more settled parts of the country long before the winter's work begins. Although lumbering prevails to a considerable extent throughout the Dominion, the head-quarters of the trade are in the Ottawa Valley and the territory watered by the St. Maurice and Saguenay rivers. The pine produced in this district has long been considered the finest in the world. In British Columbia, where the magnificent Douglas fir is found, the lumbering industry is still in its infancy.

The products of the Canadian forests find their readiest markets in the United States and Great Britain. The exportations are chiefly in the form of lumber and square timber, although large quantities of shingles, logs, firewood, bolts, sleepers, railroad ties, and paving posts are produced annually. In the season of 1889 the value of the timber exported from Canada was placed at over $23,000,000, or almost one-third of the total value of Canadian exports.

The location of the camps is always decided upon in the summer-time. The land, or the timber on it, is purchased from the government, the shanties for the accommodation of the men and the stables for the horses are erected, and all other necessary arrangements for the season made long before it opens.

The shanties are usually large rectangular buildings, one story high, built of unhewn logs, and roughly chinked with slabs of wood, moss, and clay. They are seldom if ever divided into rooms. As a rule, these rough structures are finished with planks and boards, but in the more remote localities the roofs are made of bark or clapboards, and the floors of rough slabs of wood. When completed, they are warm, but very deficient from a sanitary point of view. Ventilation is never thought of, and the difficulty of placing windows in the log walls is so great that the rough and ready carpenters are averse to putting in more than are absolutely necessary. The beds, or bunks, are constructed along the walls, and in large shanties there are two tiers of them. They are usually rough boxes made of planks or poles, and supported by occasional posts and pins driven into auger-holes in the walls. In some shanties ticks are supplied, but in many of them such luxuries are unknown, and the bunks are simply filled with loose straw, over which a coarse blanket or piece of canvas has been stretched to protect the sleepers. A plentiful supply of heavy blankets and quilts completes their equipment.

In one end of each shanty the cook—a most important but often much-abused individual—has his quarters. A number of packing boxes in which shelves have been arranged serve as his pantry. A stove, fitted to bear a great deal of rough usage, and to accommodate a large number of unattractive pots and kettles, is in the centre of his domain, and around it are arranged his collection of pork and flour barrels, bean and potato bags, and the various supplies necessary to members of his craft. In some of the French-Canadian shanties the cook has an open fireplace, with a crane swinging over it, instead of a stove, but such places are very rare now.

The first plentiful fall of snow is always attended by a great deal of activity, as it marks the real opening of the season. The roads are then "broken," and the "swamping out" commences. The choppers and sawyers have already been in the woods for some time, preparing a supply of logs to be hauled to the skidways or saw-mills, as the case may be, but the teamsters soon begin to press on their heels.

The task of breaking the roads is an exceedingly disagreeable one. It is done by travelling over the route selected and roughly cleared for the transportation of logs, so as to pack the loose snow and open the miry spots. Oxen are preferred for this work, as they are less apt to plunge wildly in the soft places; but horses attached to a rough sleigh called a pung or jumper are generally used. When a road is properly broken, it freezes to a great depth, and becomes firm enough to bear the heaviest loads. Road-breaking is rendered necessary by the heavy blanket of snow that covers the earth in the forests during the winter months, and not only prevents the frost from penetrating the ground, but often thaws what was frozen before it fell. Each new fall of snow necessitates more road-breaking; but this is only to keep the snow packed so as to prevent "slews," or slides, from forming. It is customary during snow-storms to have sleighs pass over the important roads every few hours both night and day, otherwise they would become impassable. When slews are allowed to form, they become very troublesome, as they frequently throw the sleighs off the tracks and overturn their loads.

In each shanty there are usually from fifteen to forty men under one head boss. This boss directs all the work, hires the men, and dismisses those whom he finds incompetent. The men are divided into small gangs, each of which is governed by a sub-boss, whose duty it is to see they do the work allotted to them. The choppers select the trees considered suitable, and "knocks" them. When a tree has been decided upon, they proceed to make a bed for it. This bed consists of brush and small trees so disposed that the tree to be used will fall upon it. The bed helps to break the force of the tree's fall and keeps it from splitting, and also prevents it from sinking into the snow, so that the sawyers or hewers, as the case may be, can get at it readily. If the tree is to be used for lumber, the sawyers follow the choppers and cut it into logs of the required length. The logs are then marked, so that the owners will be able to keep track of them at the skidways—rollways they are sometimes called—or mills. The camp's mark is usually a number of peculiar hacks made on the side of each log with an axe. If the tree is to be used for square timber, the choppers are followed by the score-hackers and hewers.

When the logs have been trimmed and cut to the required length or the square timber finished, the "swamping out" begins. "Swamping out" is the term applied to the work of hauling the logs to the roads, where they can be loaded on the sleighs and taken to the mills or skidways. For swamping out one horse is generally used. One end of the log to be removed is fastened on a "crotch," and the other end is allowed to drag on the ground. A "crotch" is a vehicle made from the fork of a tree. A beam is fastened across it for the log to rest on. The point of the crotch is trimmed in such a way that it turns up like the runner of a sleigh. It looks when completed like a very large capital A. A log or stick of timber can be transported on a crotch over places impassable to sleighs.

The skidways and saw-mills are almost invariably on the banks of streams or small lakes, much to the disgust of fishermen, as the sawdust makes it impossible for fish to live in the water. The skidways are so selected that logs can readily be rolled from them into the water in the spring and formed into rafts. The logs are kept from drifting by booms made of pieces of timber fastened together by chains. On some of the inland lakes tugs have been built to tow the rafts to the mills, and the lumber barges from the mills to the railway stations.

The bill of fare in the lumber shanties is not of a character to tempt the appetite of an epicure. Salt pork, potatoes, beans, biscuits, hot scones of bread, black-strap molasses, and tea or coffee, form the staple articles of food. The cook is not expected to be a *chef*, but if his dishes do not suit the tastes of the men he is apt to be mercilessly criticised. Meat—fried, boiled, or cold—is served at every meal. Many of the men are accustomed to mix molasses with the pork gravy when dining; but this is an acquired taste. The bill of fare varies but slightly from the beginning of the season to the end, but as long as the men have plenty of good strong food to eat they do not complain.

The laundry-work in the woods is of the most primitive character, as might be expected. Each man is usually his own washerwoman. Sunday, as a rule, is washing and mending day. As the clothing worn is of the coarsest and strongest kind, the mending doesn't amount to much, and the laundry-work is equally light. Stockings and under-clothing are about all that ever find their way into the wash-tubs, and their immersions are by no means frequent.

It often happens that half a dozen camps are under the control of one dealer. In such cases men and teams are employed in supplying his different shanties with provisions. Food for both men and horses is transported from the towns to the woods on sleighs and carioles throughout the winter. The smaller dealers are in the habit of sending out for supplies and the mail every few weeks.

The men in the shanties spend most of their leisure moments in smoking and playing checkers or euchre. As a rule, they do not drink much during the lumbering season, but when the gangs are disbanded each spring, and the men have their winter's earnings in their pockets, a great deal of drinking ensues. The men are paid by the month for their work, though the bulk of their earnings is not given to them until the end of the season.

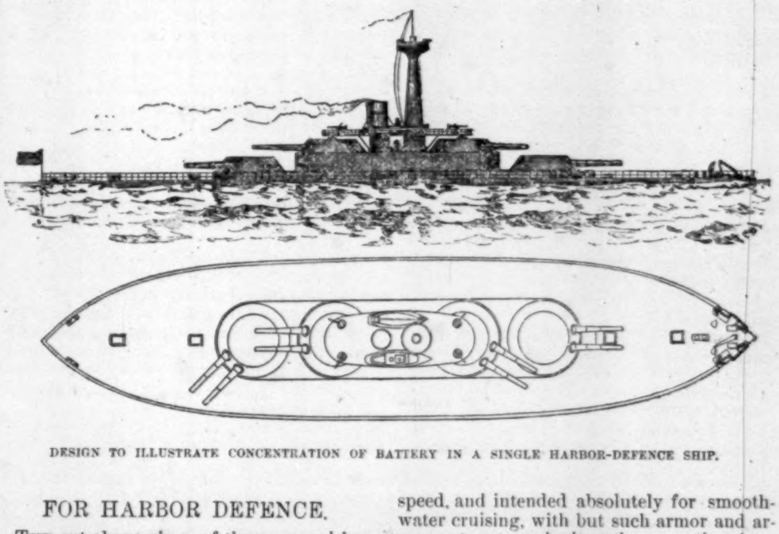
Removed as they are for months at a time from the softening influences of society, the lumbermen are apt to become rough in their habits, and coarse and profane in their conversation, but they are, nevertheless, rugged, true-hearted fellows, willing to serve a friend whenever an occasion offers. The gangs are made up of men of all nationalities, and it is not unfrequently the case that three or four languages are spoken in one shanty. In the French camps in Quebec a priest visits the woods at regular intervals during the winter and attends to the spiritual wants of the men; but among the English-speaking lumbermen religious duties do not receive much attention. It is not unusual, however, in these camps to find a rough young woodsman spending a couple of hours of a Sunday afternoon spelling out the texts of the Bible that a pious mother placed in his bag of necessities before he left home.

The work done by the lumbermen in opening up the country is inestimable, though the complaint is now made in Canada that they are pushing too far in advance of the agricultural workers, and leaving large tracts of country robbed of its best timber, covered with scattered brush, and in a worse condition for clearing than before their visits. Such is, no doubt, the case in many districts. Protests are being raised continually against the reckless manner in which the Canadian pine and spruce forests are being destroyed each winter. It is folly to claim that they are inexhaustible, for the timber is yearly deteriorating in quality. The best of it has already been put on the market, and nothing but the introduction of modern methods has enabled the quantity produced to be kept up. In the Ottawa Valley alone the cut of lumber in the season of 1889 was estimated at 720,000,000 feet. At that rate of cutting the forests cannot last forever, as no care is taken to protect the young trees that are too small to be of use to the lumbermen. The choppers leave so much brush and débris lying about that fires run through the territories in which they have worked more readily than through the virgin forest. There are thousands and thousands of acres in the Ottawa Valley on which all the timber has been destroyed by the lumbermen and fires, and which are now desolate wastes. Many appeals have been made against the timber policy of the government, if indeed it can be said to have one, and the day is surely coming when it will be found that a great injury has been done to the growing country by letting the lumbermen help themselves almost like freebooters.

P. MCARTHUR.

SENATOR PUGH, OF ALABAMA.

MR. JAMES LAWRENCE PUGH, when celebrating his seventieth birthday this week, will not, it is probable, have ceased receiving congratulations upon his third election to the United States Senate, which happened only the other day. Mr. Pugh has been a man of note and prominence in Alabama for almost half a century, and for forty years of that time he has been almost continuously in public life. He was born December 12, 1820, in Burke County, Georgia, but he was taken to Alabama when four years old, and has lived there ever since. He did not go to college, but received what the Congressional Directory courteously calls "an academic education in Alabama," and when he was of age began the practice of the law at Eufaula, where he still lives and keeps an office. In 1848 he was one of the Alabama Electors in favor of General Taylor for the Presidency, and he filled the same public post when Mr. Buchanan was chosen in 1856. In 1859 he was chosen to represent his district in Congress, in the lower House of which he sat until January 21, 1861, when his State adopted the ordinance of secession from the Union. Returning home he enlisted as private in the Eufaula Rifles, one of the companies of the First Alabama Regiment. He was soon, however, called away from military duty by his election to the First Congress of the Southern Confederacy. He was re-elected to the next Congress in 1863. When the war was over, Mr. Pugh resumed the practice of the law at Eufaula. In 1875 he presided over the Alabama State Democratic Convention, and the following year he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention. In 1880 Senator George S. Houston died, and the Legislature selected Mr. Pugh to fill the unexpired term, which had four years to run. In 1884 he was re-elected for the full term, which ends next March. The new term to which he has just been elected will end on the 3d of March, 1897, and as Mr. Pugh is a man of vigorous and rugged health, it is not impossible that in six years from now he may again be a candidate for further Senatorial honors. Mr. Pugh has served during his time in the Senate on Senator Blair's wonderful Committee on Education and Labor, and for some time has also been first on the list of Democrats on Senator Edmunds's Judiciary Committee. His other committees have been Privileges and Elections and that on Revolutionary Claims.



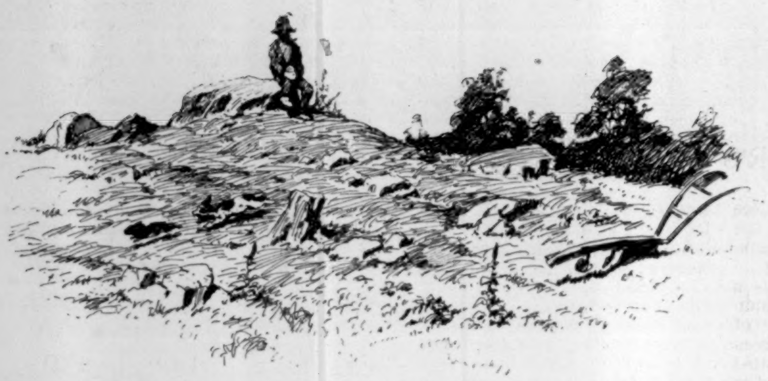
DESIGN TO ILLUSTRATE CONCENTRATION OF BATTERY IN A SINGLE HARBOR-DEFENCE SHIP.

FOR HARBOR DEFENCE.

THE cut above given of the proposed harbor-defence monitor will be best explained by the following quotation from the annual report of Secretary Tracy, just transmitted to Congress:

"In my previous report, in addition to the battle ships, I suggested a force of powerful harbor-defence vessels for the specific protection of these exposed localities. Congress, as it seems to me, with great judgment applied its important increase of last year to the most pressing necessity—that of battle ships, and the Department endeavored, to the best of its ability, to meet the call that was made upon it with promptness and in accordance with the demands of existing naval warfare. Both battle ships and harbor defenders are still far too few in number to meet the urgent necessities of the situation.

"The type of ship which the Department would suggest for purely local purposes is an enlarged *Puritan*, of light draught, not more than fourteen to sixteen feet, of moderate speed, and intended absolutely for smooth-water cruising, with but such armor and armament as to make it at the same time irresistible and invulnerable against any single assailant. Twenty inches of armor and eight 13-inch guns would fulfil the prescribed conditions. It is a serious question, however, whether greater advantages would not be gained by distributing the guns in two vessels instead of one; but whichever plan is adopted, the general conditions of the problem remain the same. The ships would be intended exclusively for local purposes, and would have a post and a station from which they would never be absent. While the battle ships are of the first importance to concentrate along the coast, or in waters not far removed from it, wherever they may be needed, the continuous presence of a sufficient number of harbor-defence vessels would stay the entrance of an enemy until the battle ships could arrive. The type of harbor-defence ship described is less expensive than the sea-going ships, and it answers, as no other type can answer, the requirements of American harbors."



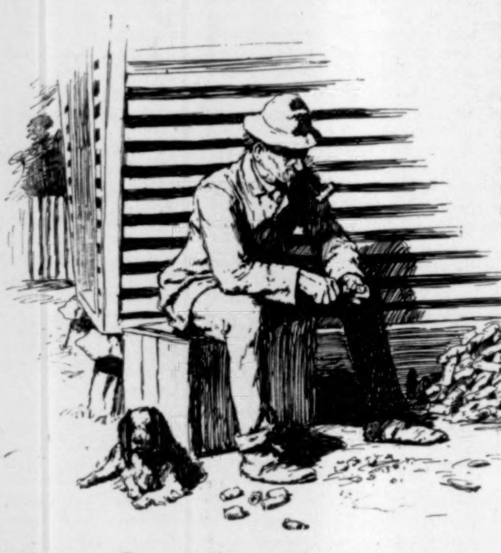
FARMING.

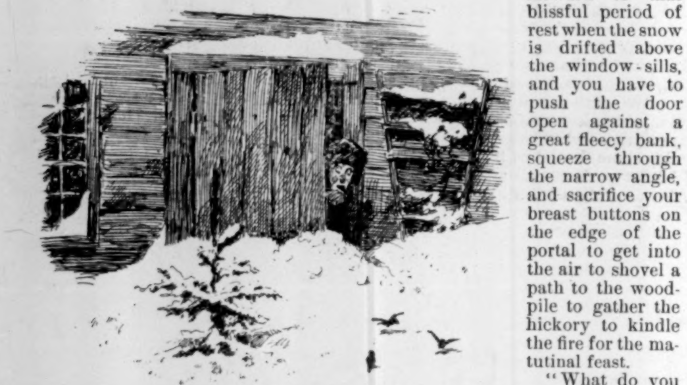
XV.

I HAVE frequently heard that stony land is not the most desirable kind for the realization of good crops, but that it is probably the finest to be had for the purposes of sheep-culture. Dove's Nest was evidently not designed by nature for either; it was too stony for agriculture, and not sufficiently stony for sheep. But I did not fail to take my medicine philosophically. I laughed at the fate that defeated the ends of my labor in the sunny field, and cursed my land with a poverty of stone that made the raising of mutton an established impossibility.

I didn't trouble myself about the pig-killing time; if I could only succeed in killing time pleasantly myself, I would not bother myself about the porkers. It will be remembered they disappeared, never to return, during the early part of the season, and I was probably money in pocket by the catastrophe, as it would have been necessary to purchase corn for them to eat and fatten upon during their last act in the drama of life. But if the corn did not develop into a generous crop, I could rest assured of one thing: I still had a goodly supply of cobs which I could construct into pleasant pipes, while those modelled from the cobs of my Indian corn might be poetically characterized as calumets.

But I had one thing to be happy over, and that was the physical condition of Philip; he was so fat and ruddy that he was absolutely too lazy to get into mischief. He hadn't fallen out of a window or into a pond once, and was always so shining and clean that I sometimes feared there was something wrong in his make up, and that he would never distinguish himself.





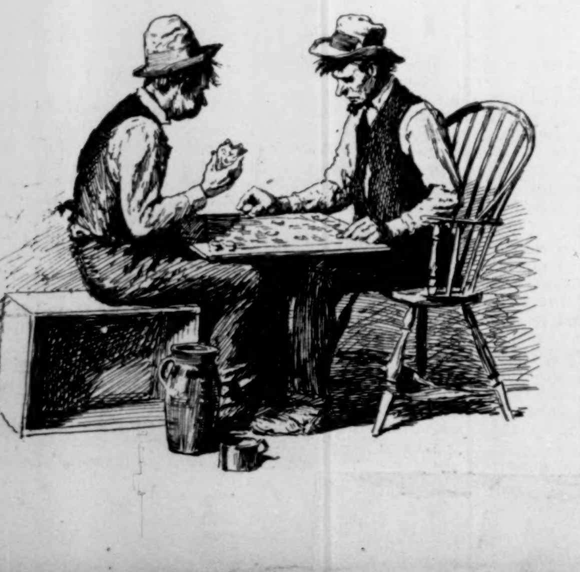
As I said before, he was provided with milk from one cow; and to make sure that it could not get mixed with that of another, I kept but a single specimen. She had a great habit of eating wild onions, which so flavored the milk that no one but Philip would touch it. He finally drank it with such delight and relish that we soon began to foresee in him a hopeless slave of the onion habit, whose lot in later life could only be a happy one through marriage to a native of Bermuda.

The other farmers, whose crops had also failed, were now thinking of making the necessary preparations for the campaign of the next season, when their efforts would probably be attended by a similar fate. They were also looking forward to that blissful period of rest when the snow is drifted above the window-sills, and you have to push the door open against a great fleecy bank, squeeze through the narrow angle, and sacrifice your breast buttons on the edge of the portal to get into the air to shovel a path to the wood-pile to gather the hickory to kindle the fire for the matutinal feast.

"What do you do in winter, anyhow?" I asked one of these earth-beaters whom I met one day.

"Oh, we don't do nothin' at all," he replied. "We just sit around and play checkers and eat pop-corn. I've got a nice new-fangled corn-popper I'd like to show you the next time you're over my way."

I promised to call and examine the popper upon the occasion of my next journey in his direction.



The next thing was to set to work and get in the winter firewood—I, in my ignorance, not knowing that it should have been laid in long before, to have had time to dry during the summer. I went to work chopping with great glee, feeling secure in the belief that as the trees were already full grown and ripe for the axe, my wood crop could not very well be a failure.

After the wood was arranged in ashen rows, from which it could be lifted without trouble, I began to think of laying in a generous supply of cider and apple-jack, for the reason that my long winter nights must be passed pleasantly in the glow of the blazing, sputtering logs. I did this, not because I was an enthusiastic patron of the flowing bowl, but because I could not eat pop-corn or play checkers, and I must have some substitute, be it never so unworthy.

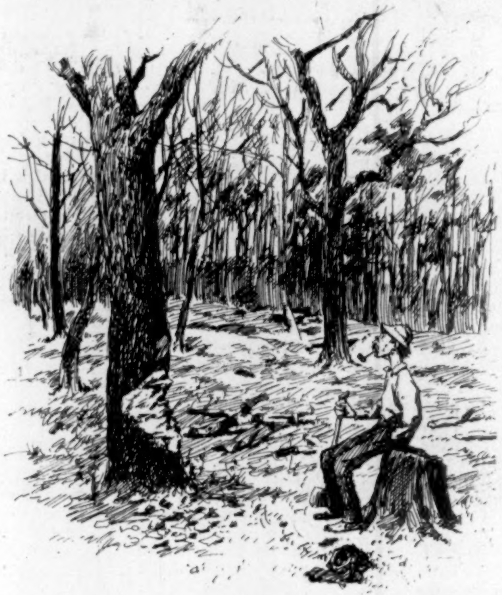
By the way in which the old Dutch windmill was whirling around, I came to the conclusion that I was located in a pretty windy spot, and that it was about time to examine the house to ascertain its approximation to a colander.

After closing the shutters, I found that I could still read a newspaper in some of the rooms; and one night one of these darkened rooms was so light, through the medium of Artemis, that I concluded a lamp or candle would be a ridiculous excess. I could fancy the wild, weird Æolian melodies on a sharp January night, while the elements whistled through these crannies and crevices, and the stray bird flitting through the casual aperture, and perching on the stove-pipe to keep warm. So I had the structure calked and weather-stripped as well as I could. Then I adjusted blankets to the frames upon which the mosquito canopies rested during the summer, and did everything else I could think of to keep the place warm and air-tight.

I even went so far in the way of precaution as to have a snow-shovel in each room, so that if one should have the misfortune to awake beneath one of nature's fleecy counterpanes a couple of feet thick, he could shovel himself out.

"I think this is ridiculous," said Phillada. "You would make farming worse than it is."

"I couldn't if I tried," I replied; "and I know my humble limitations too well to make an effort beyond my strength to perform successfully."



"But why not use hot bricks, if the place is going to be so cold?"

"Hot bricks would cool off in a minute in these rooms," I said. "But I'll tell you what we might do."

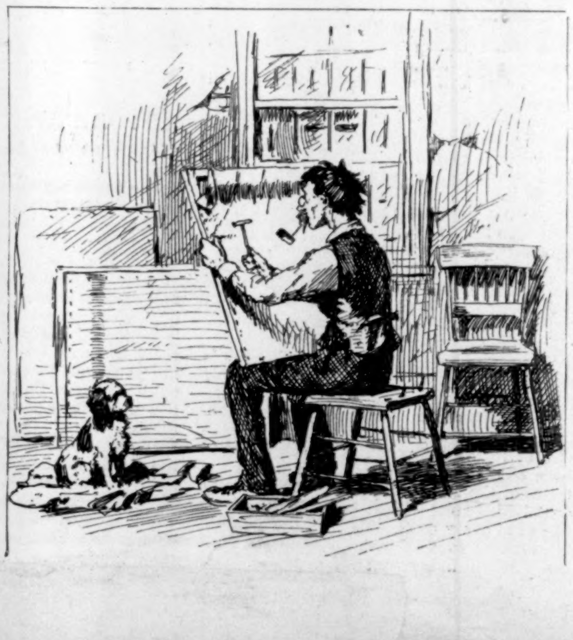
"What?" she asked.

"Why, we might get a couple of Esquimau dogs to lie across our feet at night. They would thrive and fatten on the cold air, and keep us as warm as toast is said to be."

"A delightful idea!" she said; "because, if they are so cold-blooded, they might also keep us cool during the summer."

So, laughing at such a delicious Hibernian hypothesis, I promised to think of the advisability of purchasing a couple of Esquimau dogs.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



THE CHILD OF AN EVIL PARENT.

MALVOLIO says in Shakespeare's Comedy of Twelfth Night, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." So it is with nervousness. Some are born nervous, some achieve nervousness by their own imprudence and neglect, and some have nervousness thrust upon them by disease. The basic starting-point of this ailment, which grows rapidly and assumes alarming proportions when it reaches the stage of hypochondria and chronic sleeplessness, is weakness, the child of indigestion, parent of many evils. For the incapacity of the stomach to digest food, and of the system to assimilate it after digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has ever proved a sovereign remedy. Sleep becomes tranquil, appetite improves, abnormal sensitiveness of the nerves is succeeded by steadiness and vigor in those delicate tissues, bodily substances increase when that signal restorative of digestion is systematically used. Conquer also with it malaria, rheumatism, kidney inactivity, liver complaint, and constipation.—[*Adv.*]

TO VISIT CALIFORNIA AND THE FAR WEST VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

POSSIBLY no new feature ever inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has attracted such universal comment and attention as the series of tours it has announced, to be run early in 1891 to the far Pacific Coast. Each tour will be limited to one hundred passengers, who will travel in a Pullman vestibule train, furnished with the luxurious appointments of the richest home, with ladies' maid, stenographer and type-writer, library, bath and barber, and smoking and library rooms, and an observation car—in truth an exact reproduction of the famous Pennsylvania Limited. The first tour leaves New York February 7th, and speeds directly to the scene of the famous Mardi Gras at New Orleans, and then out to Southern California, and directly north to San Francisco, where the unrestricted liberty of three whole weeks is allowed, after which they join the special train for their homeward-bound trip via Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Omaha, and Chicago.

In the selection of its Tourist Agents and Chaperons this company has chosen them with a special view to their fitness, and whatever tends to the tourist's comfort or interest is assured by their presence. No such opportunity has ever before been presented to the people of the East of thoroughly seeing the vast domain of the country they so valiantly boast of, and at such a beautiful season of the year. The rate for the round trip of this first tour is but $275.00, which includes not only all necessary travelling expenses to San Francisco and return, but side trips to the most attractive resorts in California, meals *en route*, and several carriage and stage rides of interest.

Names are now being registered for each of the tours, and applications for Pullman accommodations and itineraries should be made to Mr. Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

"BASILINDA," BY THE AUTHOR OF HALMA.
THIS charming game should be in every home. For sale everywhere, or will be sent to any address upon receipt of $1.25. E. I. HORSMAN, 80 & 82 William St., N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I will mail free on application my treatise on Catarrh and Throat Diseases. DR. BURNHAM, Buffalo, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

No Christmas and New-Year's Table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

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A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOODLANDERS," "A LAODICEAN," "WESSEX TALES," ETC.

IV.

THE LADY ICENWAY.

BY THE CHURCH-WARDEN.

"IN the reign of his Most Excellent Majesty King George III., Defender of the Faith and of the American Colonies, there lived in 'a faire maner-place' (so Leland called it in his day, as I have been told), in one of the greenest bits of woodland between Bristol and the city of Exonbury, a young lady who resembled the aforesaid one in having many talents and exceeding great beauty. With these gifts she combined a somewhat imperious temper and arbitrary mind, though her experience of the world was not actually so large as her conclusive manner would have led the stranger to suppose. Being an orphan, she resided with her uncle, who, though he was fairly considerate as to her welfare, left her pretty much to herself.

"Now it chanced that when this lovely young lady was about nineteen, she (being a fearless horsewoman) was riding, with only a young lad as an attendant, in one of the woods near her uncle's house, and, in trotting along, her horse stumbled over the root of a felled tree. She slipped to the ground, not seriously hurt, and was assisted home by a gentleman who came in view at the moment of her mishap. It turned out that this gentleman, a total stranger to her, was on a visit at the house of a neighboring landowner. He was of Dutch extraction, and occasionally came to England on business or pleasure from his plantations in Guiana, on the north coast of South America, where he usually resided.

"On this account he was naturally but little known in Wessex, and was but a slight acquaintance of the gentleman at whose mansion he was a guest. However, the friendship between him and the Heymeres—as the uncle and niece were named—warmed and warmed by degrees, there being but few families of note in the vicinity at that time, which made a new-comer, if he were at all sociable and of good credit, always sure of a welcome. A tender feeling (as it is called by the romantic) sprang up between the two young people, which ripened into intimacy. Anderling, the foreign gentleman, was of an amorous temperament, and though he endeavored to conceal his feeling, it could be seen that Miss Maria Heymere had impressed him rather more deeply than would be represented by a scratch upon a stone. He seemed absolutely unable to free himself from her fascination, and his inability to do so, much as he tried—evidently thinking he had not the ghost of a chance with her—gave her the pleasure of power, though she more than sympathized when she overheard him heaving his deep-drawn sighs, privately to himself, as he supposed.

"After prolonging his visit by every conceivable excuse in his power, he summoned courage, and offered her his hand and his heart. Being in no way disinclined to him, though not so fervid as he, and her uncle making no objection to the match, she consented to share his fate, for better or otherwise, in the distant colony where, as he assured her, his rice and coffee and maize and timber produced him ample means—a statement which was borne out by his friend, her uncle's neighbor. In short, a day for their marriage was fixed, earlier in the engagement than is usual or desirable between comparative strangers, by reason of the necessity he was under of returning to look after his properties.

"The wedding took place, and Maria left her uncle's mansion with her husband, going in the first place to London, and about a fortnight after, sailing with him across the great ocean for their distant home; which, however, he assured her, should not be her home for long, it being his intention to dispose of his interests in this part of the world as soon as the war was over, and he could do so advantageously, when they could come to Europe, and reside in some favorite capital.

"As they advanced on the voyage she observed that he grew more and more constrained, and by the time they had crossed the Line he was quite depressed, just as he had been before proposing to her. A day or two before landing at Paramaribo he embraced her in a very warm and passionate manner, and said he wished to make a confession. It had been his misfortune, he said, to marry at Quebec in early life a woman whose reputation proved to be in every way bad and scandalous. The discovery had nearly killed him; but he had ultimately separated from her, and had never seen her since. He had hoped and believed she might be dead; but recently in London, when they were starting on this journey, he had discovered that she was still alive. At first he had decided to keep this dark intelligence from her beloved ears; but he had felt that he could not do it. All he hoped was that such a condition of things would make no difference in her feelings for him, as it need make no difference in the course of their lives.

"Thereupon the spirit of this proud and masterful lady showed itself in violent turmoil, like the raging of a nor'west thunderstorm—as well it might, God knows. But she was of too stout a nature to be broken down by his revelation, as many ladies of my acquaintance would have been—so far from home, and right under the Line in the blaze o' the sun. Of the two, indeed, he was the more wretched and shattered in spirit, for he loved her deeply, and (there being a foreign twist in his make) had been tempted to this crime by her exceeding beauty, against which he had struggled day and night, till he had no further resistance left in him. It was she who came first to a decision as to what should be done—whether a wise one, I do not attempt to judge.

"'I put it to you,' says she, when many useless self-reproaches and protestations on his part had been uttered—'I put it to you whether, if any manliness is left in you, you ought not to do exactly what I consider the best thing for me in this strait to which you have reduced me.'

"He promised to do anything in the whole world. She then requested him to allow her to return, and announce him as having died of malignant ague immediately on their arrival at Paramaribo; that she should consequently appear in weeds as his widow in her native place; and that he would never molest her, or come again to that part of the world during the whole course of his life; a good reason for which would be that the legal consequences might be serious.

"He readily acquiesced in this, as he would have acquiesced in anything for the restitution of one he adored so deeply, even to the yielding of life itself. To put her in an immediate state of independence, he gave her, in bonds and jewels, a considerable sum (for his worldly means had been in no way exaggerated); and by the next ship she sailed again for England, having travelled no further than to Paramaribo. At parting, he declared it to be his intention to turn all his landed possessions into personal property, and to be a wanderer on the face of the earth in remorse for his conduct toward her.

"Maria duly arrived in England, and immediately on landing apprised her uncle of her return, duly appearing at his house in the garb of a widow. She was commiserated by all the neighbors as soon as her story was told; but only to her uncle did she reveal the real state of affairs, and her reason for concealing it. For, though she had been innocent of wrong, Maria's pride was of that grain which could not brook the least appearance of having been fooled, or deluded, or nonplussed in her worldly aims.

"For some time she led a quiet life with her relative, and in due course a son was born to her. She was much respected for her dignity and reserve, and the portable wealth which her temporary husband had made over to her enabled her to live in comfort in a wing of the mansion, without assistance from her uncle at all. But, knowing that she was not what she seemed to be, her life was an uneasy one, and she often said to herself: 'Suppose his continued existence should become known here, and people should discern the pride of my motive in hiding my humiliation? It would be worse than if I had been frank at first, which I should have been but for the credit of this child.'

"Such grave reflections as these occupied her with increasing force; and during their continuance she encountered a worthy man of noble birth and title—Lord Icenway, his name—whose seat was beyond Wintoncester, quite at t'other end of Wessex. He being anxious to pay his addresses to her, Maria willingly accepted them, though he was a plain man, older than herself; for she discerned in a remarriage a method of fortifying her position against mortifying discoveries. In a few months their union took place, and Maria lifted her head as Lady Icenway, and left with her husband and child for his home as aforesaid, where she was quite unknown.

"A justification or a condemnation of her step (according as you view it) was seen when, not long after, she received a note from her former husband, Anderling. It was a hasty and tender epistle, and perhaps it was fortunate that it arrived during the temporary absence of Lord Icenway. His worthless wife, said Anderling, had just died in Quebec; he had gone there to ascertain particulars, and had seen the unfortunate woman buried. He now was hastening to England to repair the wrong he had done his Maria. He asked her to meet him at Southampton, his port of arrival, which she need be in no fear of doing, as he had changed his name, and was almost absolutely unknown in Europe. He would remarry her immediately, and live with her in any part of the Continent, as they had originally intended, where, for the great love he still bore her, he would devote himself to her service for the rest of his days.

"Lady Icenway, self-possessed as it was her nature to be, was yet much disturbed at this news, and set off to meet him, unattended, as soon as she heard that the ship was in sight. As soon as they stood face to face she found that she still possessed all her old influence over him, though his power to fascinate her had quite departed. In his sorrow for his offence against her, he had become a man of strict religious habits, self-denying to asceticism, though formerly he had been a free and joyous liver. Having first got him to swear to make her any reparation she should choose (which he was imagining must be by a true marriage), she informed him that she had already wedded another husband, an excellent man of ancient family and possessions, who had given her a title, in which she much rejoiced.

"At this the countenance of the poor foreign gentleman became cold as clay, and his heart withered within him; for as it had been her beauty and bearing which had led him to sin to obtain her, so now, that her beauty was in fuller bloom, and her manner more haughty by her success, did he feel her fascination to be almost more than he could bear. Nevertheless, having sworn his word, he undertook to obey her commands, which were simply a renewal of her old request—that he would depart for some foreign country, and never reveal his existence to her friends, or husband, or any person in England; never trouble her more, seeing how great a harm it would do her in the high position which she at present occupied.

"He bowed his head. 'And the child—our child?' he said.

"'He is well,' says she—'quite well.'

"With this the unhappy gentleman departed, much sadder in his heart than on his voyage to England, for it had never occurred to him that a woman who rated her honor so highly as Maria had done, and who was the mother of his child, would have adopted such means as this for the restoration of that honor, and at so surprisingly early a date. He had fully calculated on making her his wife in law and truth, and of living in cheerful unity with her and his offspring, for whom he felt a deep and growing tenderness, though he had never once seen the child.

"The lady returned to her mansion beyond Wintoncester, and told nothing of the interview to her noble husband, who had fortunately gone that day to do a little cocking and ratting out by Weydon Priors, and knew nothing of her movements. She had dismissed her poor Anderling peremptorily enough; yet she would often after this look in the face of the child of her so-called widowhood, to discover what and how many traits of his father were to be seen in his lineaments. For this she had ample opportunity during the following autumn and winter months, her husband being a matter-of-fact nobleman, who spent the greater part of his time in field sports and agriculture.

"One winter day, when he had started for a meet of the hounds a long way from the house—it being his custom to hunt three or four times a week at this season of the year—she had walked into the sunshine upon the terrace before the windows, where there fell at her feet some little white object that had come over a boundary wall hard by. It proved to be a tiny note wrapped round a stone. Lady Icenway opened it and read it, and immediately (no doubt with a stern fixture of her queenly countenance) walked hastily along the terrace, and through the door into the shrubbery, whence the note had come. The man who had first married her stood under the bushes before her. It was plain from his appearance that something had gone wrong with him.

"'You notice a change in me, my best-beloved,' he said. 'Yes, Maria, I have lost all the wealth I once possessed—mainly by reckless gambling in the Continental hells to which you banished me. But one thing in the world remains to me—the child—and it is for him that I have intruded here. Don't fear me, darling! I shall not inconvenience you long; I love you too well. But I think of the boy day and night; I cannot help it; I cannot keep my feeling for him down, and I long to see him and speak a word to him once in my lifetime!'

"'But your oath?' says she. 'You promised never to reveal by word or sign—'

"'I will reveal nothing. Only let me see the child. I know what I have sworn to you, cruel mistress, and I respect my oath. Otherwise I might have seen him by some subterfuge, but I preferred the frank course of asking your permission.'

"She demurred, with the haughty severity which had grown part of her character, and which her elevation to the rank of a peeress had rather intensified than diminished. She said that she would consider, and would give him an answer the day after the next, at the same hour and place, when her husband would again be absent with his pack of hounds.

"The gentleman waited patiently. Lady Icenway, who had now no conscious love left for him, well considered the matter, and felt that it would be advisable not to push to extremes a man of so passionate a heart. On the day and hour she met him as she had promised to do.

"'You shall see him,' she said, 'of course on the strict condition that you do not reveal yourself, and hence, though you see him, he must not see you, or your manner might betray you and me. I will lull him into a nap in the afternoon, and then I will come to you here and fetch you in-doors by a private way.'

"The unfortunate father, whose misdemeanor had recoiled upon his own head in a way he could not have foreseen, promised to adhere to her instructions, and waited in the shrubberies till the moment when she should call him. This she duly did about three o'clock that day, leading him in by a garden door, and up stairs to the nursery where the child lay. He was in his little cot, breathing calmly, his arm thrown over his head, and his silken curls crushed into the pillow. His father, now almost to be pitied, bent over him, and a tear from his eye wetted the coverlet.

"She held up a warning finger as he lowered his mouth to the lips of the boy.

"'But why not?' implored he.

"'Very well, then,' said she, relenting; 'but as gently as possible.'

"He kissed the child without waking him, turned, gave him a last look, and followed her out of the chamber, when she conducted him off the premises by the way he had come.

"But this remedy for his sadness of heart at being a stranger to his own son had the effect of intensifying the malady; for while originally, not knowing or having ever seen the boy, he had loved him vaguely and imaginatively only, he now became attached to him in flesh and bone, as any parent might; and the feeling that he could at best only see his child at the rarest and most cursory moments, if at all, drove him into a state of distraction which threatened to overthrow his promise to the boy's mother to keep out of his sight. But such was his chivalrous respect for Lady Icenway, and his regret at having ever deceived her, that he schooled his poor heart into submission.

"At length this singular punishment became such a torture to the poor foreigner that he resolved to lessen it at all hazards compatible with punctilious care for the name of the lady, his former wife, to whom his attachment seemed to increase in proportion to her punitive treatment of him. At one time of his life he had taken great interest in tulip culture, as well as gardening in general, and since the ruin of his fortunes, and his arrival in England, he had made of his knowledge a precarious income in the hot-houses of nursery-men and others. With the new idea in his head, he applied himself zealously to the business, till he acquired in a few months great skill in horticulture. Waiting till the noble lord, his lady's husband, had room for an undergardener of a general sort, he offered himself for the place, and was engaged immediately by reason of his civility and intelligence, before Lady Icenway knew anything of the matter. Much, therefore, did he surprise her when she found him in the conservatories of her mansion a week or two after his arrival. The punishment of instant dismissal, with which at first she haughtily threatened him, my lady thought fit on reflection not to enforce. While he served her thus she knew he would not harm her by a word, while, if he were expelled, chagrin might induce him to reveal in a moment of exasperation what kind treatment would assist him to conceal.

"So he was allowed to remain on the premises, and had for his residence a little cottage by the garden wall, which had been the domicile of some of his predecessors in the same occupation. Here he lived absolutely alone, and spent much of his leisure in reading, but the greater part in watching the windows and lawns of his lady's house for glimpses of the form of the child. It was for that child's sake that he abandoned the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church in which he had been reared, and became the most regular attendant at the services in the parish place of worship hard by, where, sitting behind the pew of my lady, my lord, and his step-son, the gardener could pensively study the traits and movements of the youngster at only a few feet distance, without suspicion or hinderance.

"He filled his post for more than two years with a pleasure to himself which, though mournful, was soothing, his lady never forgiving him, or allowing him to be anything more than 'the gardener' to her child, though once or twice the boy said: 'That gardener's eyes are so sad! Why does he look so sadly at me?' He sunned himself in her scornfulness as if it were love, and his ears drank in her curt monosyllables as though they were rhapsodies of endearment. Strangely enough, the coldness with which she treated her foreigner began to be the conduct of Lord Icenway toward herself. It was a matter of great anxiety to him that there should be a lineal successor to the title, and no sign of that successor appeared. One day he complained to her quite roughly of his fate.

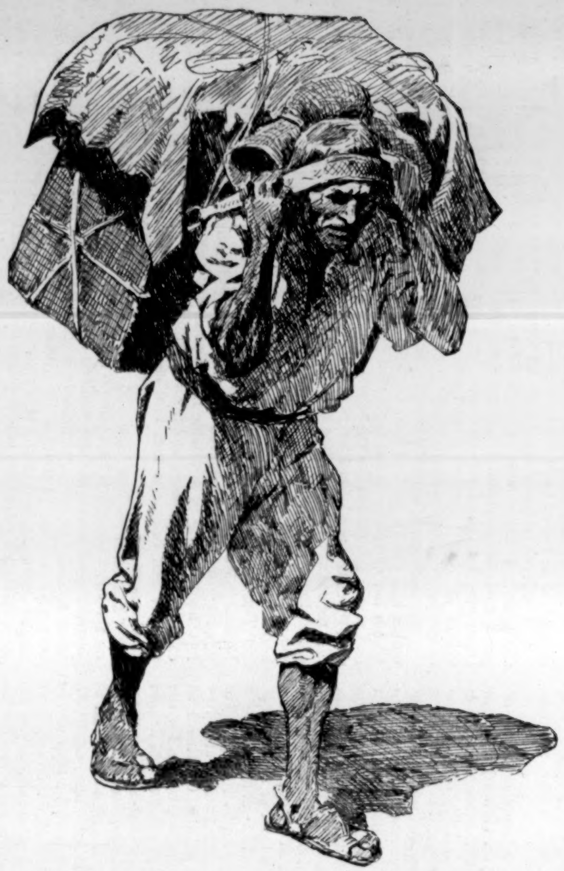
"'All will go to that dolt of a cousin,' he cried. 'I'd sooner see my name and place at the bottom of the sea.'

"The lady soothed him, and fell into thought, and did not recriminate. But one day, soon after, she went down to the cottage of the gardener to inquire how he was getting on, for he had been ailing of late, though, as was supposed, not seriously. Though she often visited the poor, she had never entered her undergardener's home before, and was much surprised—even grieved and dismayed—to find that he was too ill to rise from his bed. She went back to her mansion, and returned with some delicate soup, that she might have a reason for seeing him.

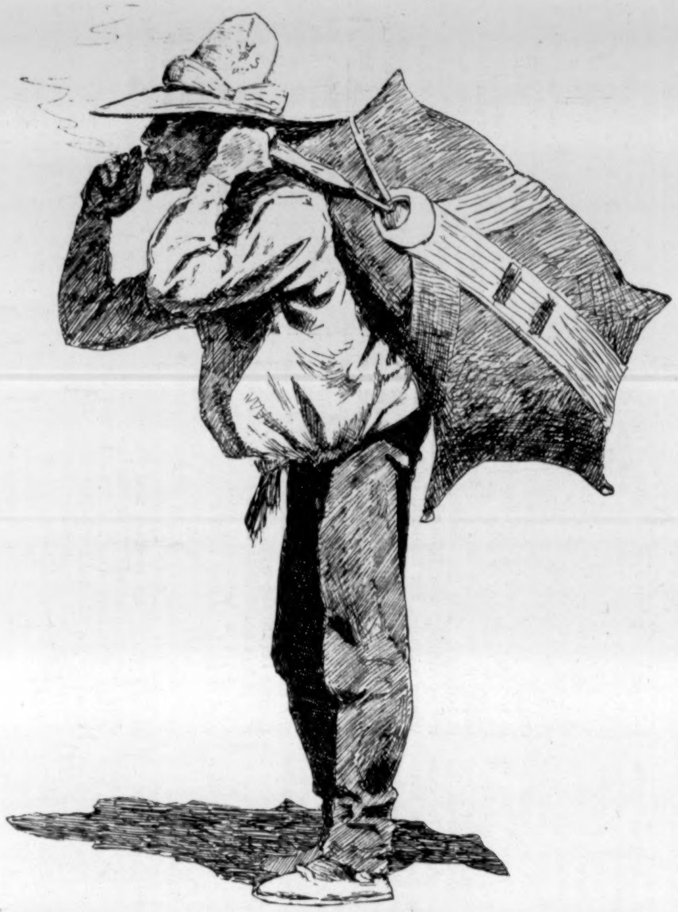
"His condition was so feeble and alarming, and his face so thin, that it quite shocked her softening heart, and gazing upon him, she said:

"'You must get well—you must! I have

(*Continued on page 984.*)



A FREIGHT CAR.



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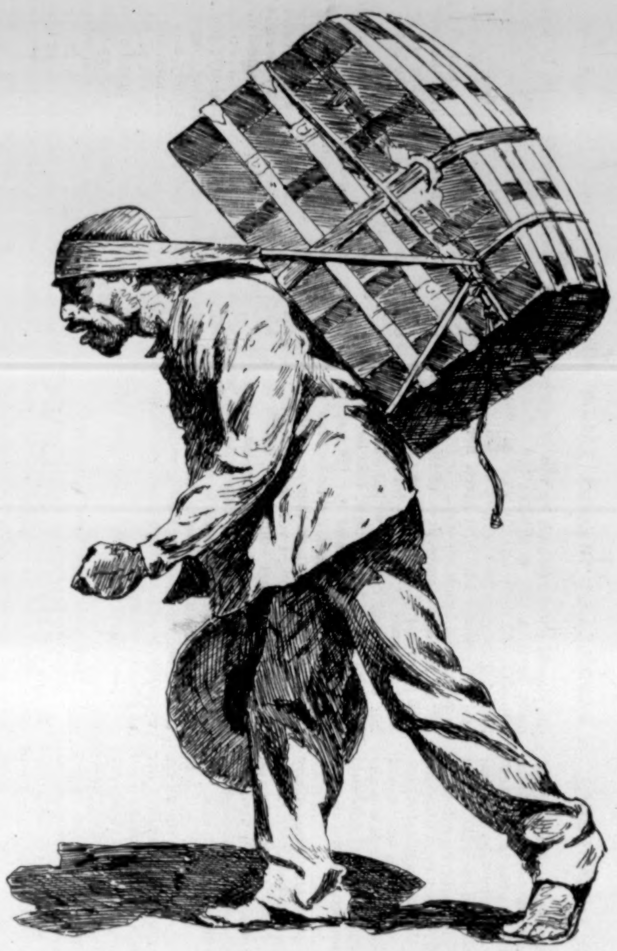
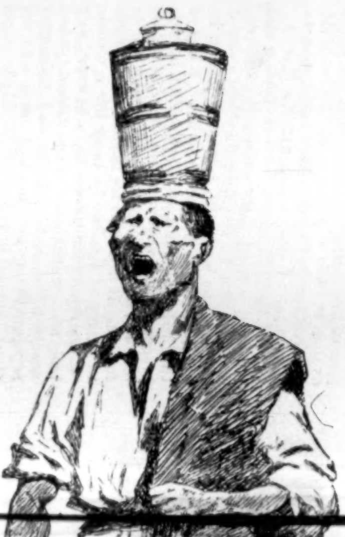
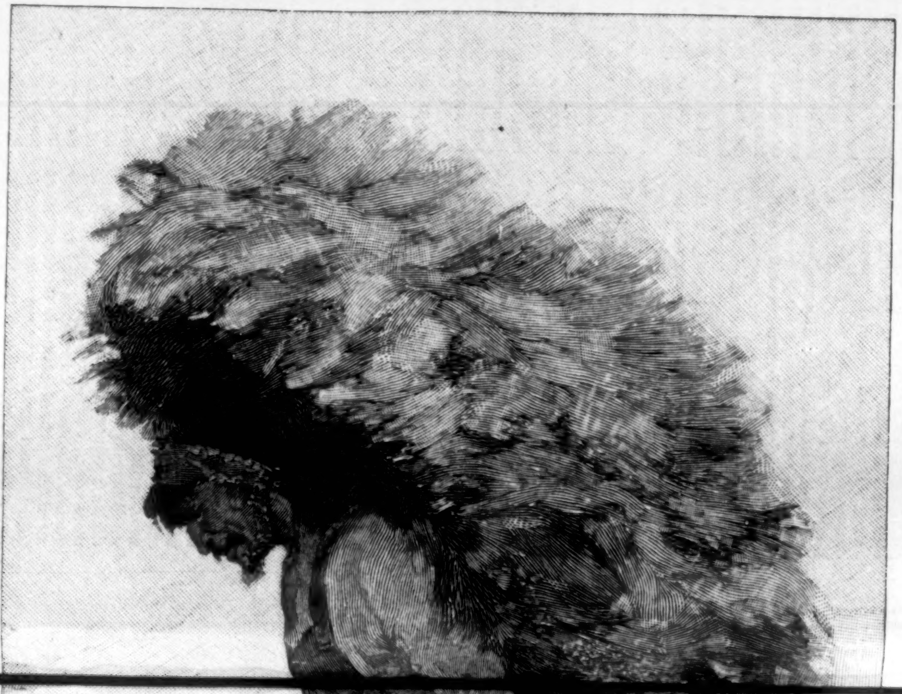
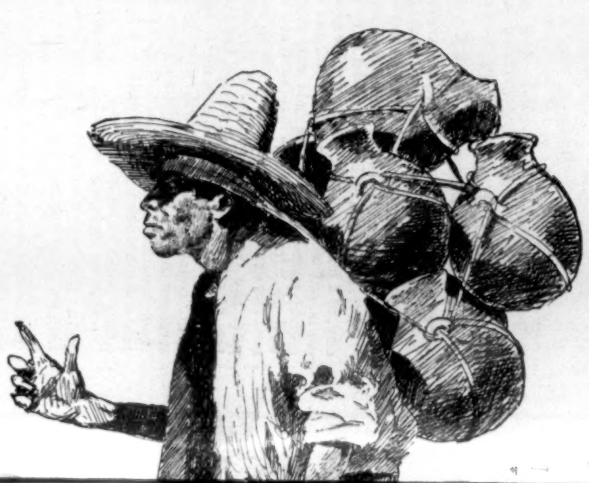
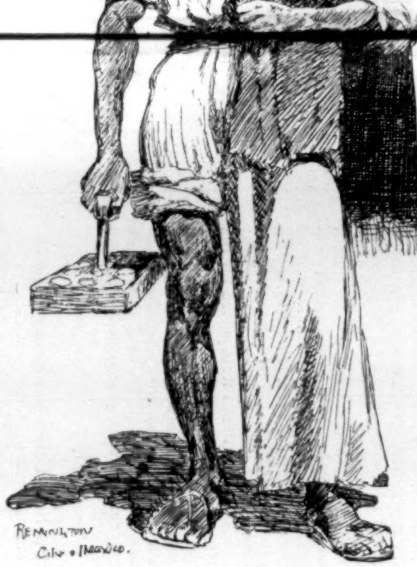


A BAGGAGE WAGON.

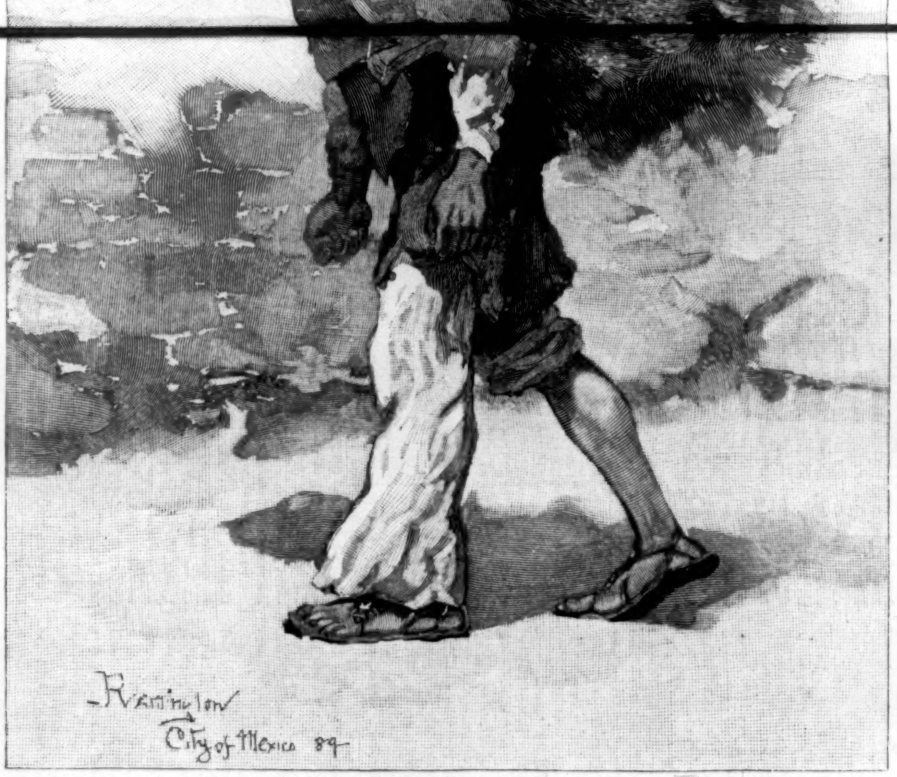




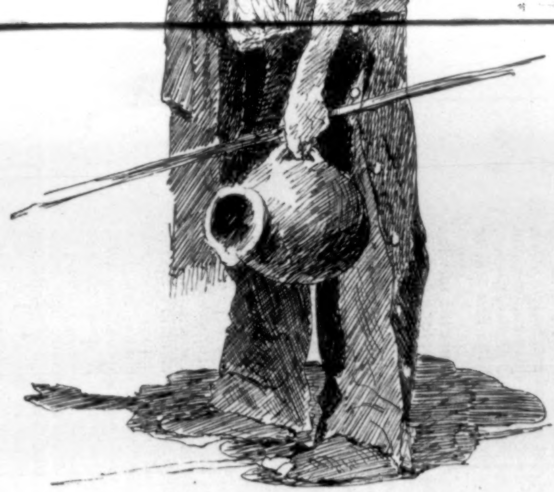




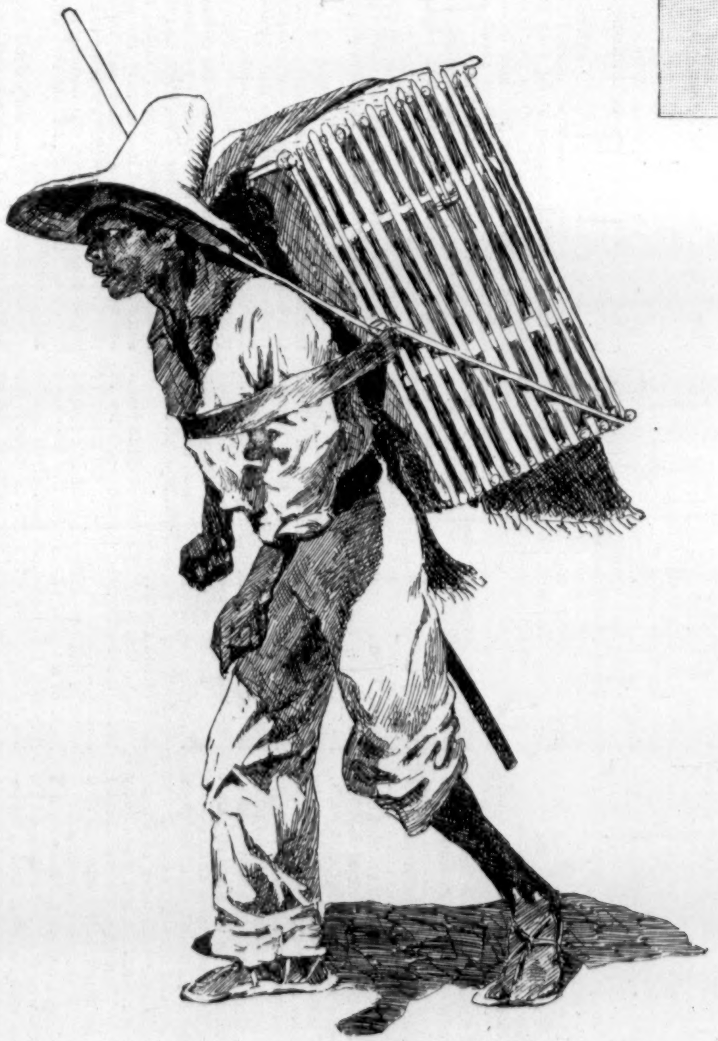
"N-I-E-V-E!"



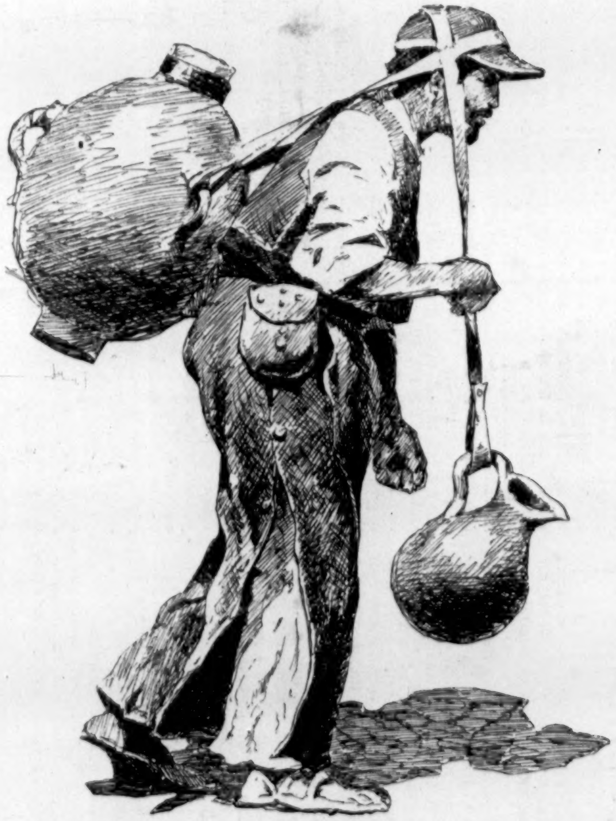
CARRYING FODDER.



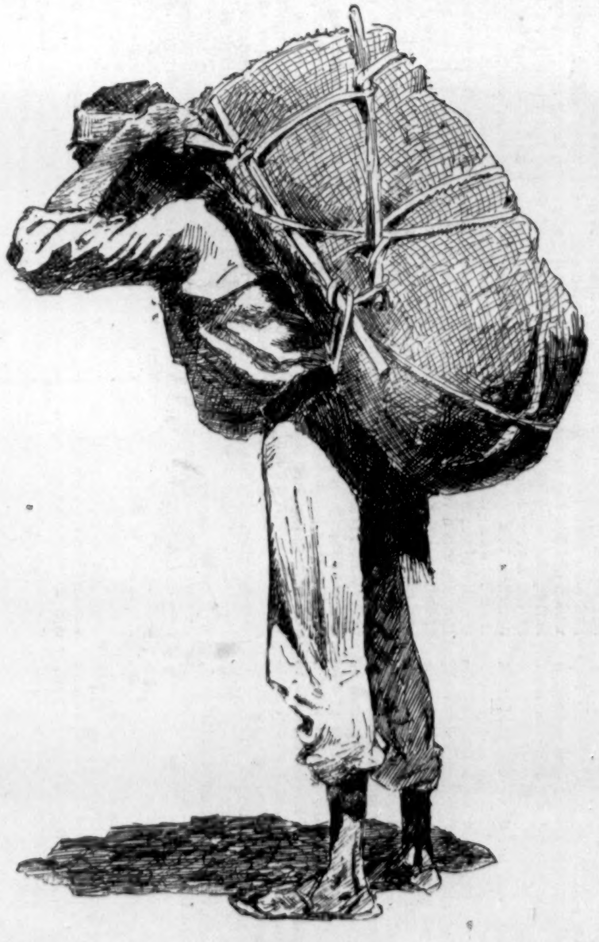
PEDDLER OF POTTERY.



CHICKEN-SELLER.



WATER-CARRIER.



PORTER.

MEXICAN BURDEN-BEARERS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 978.]